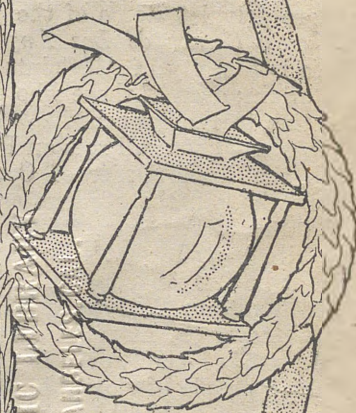
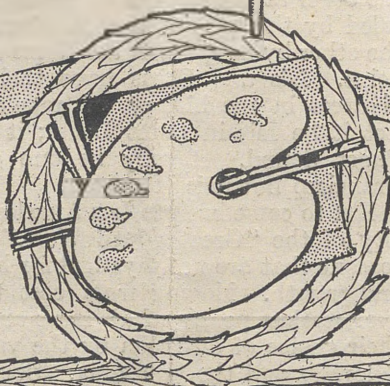
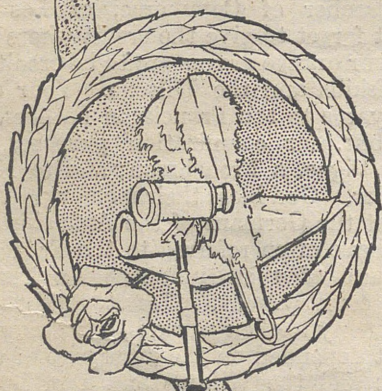
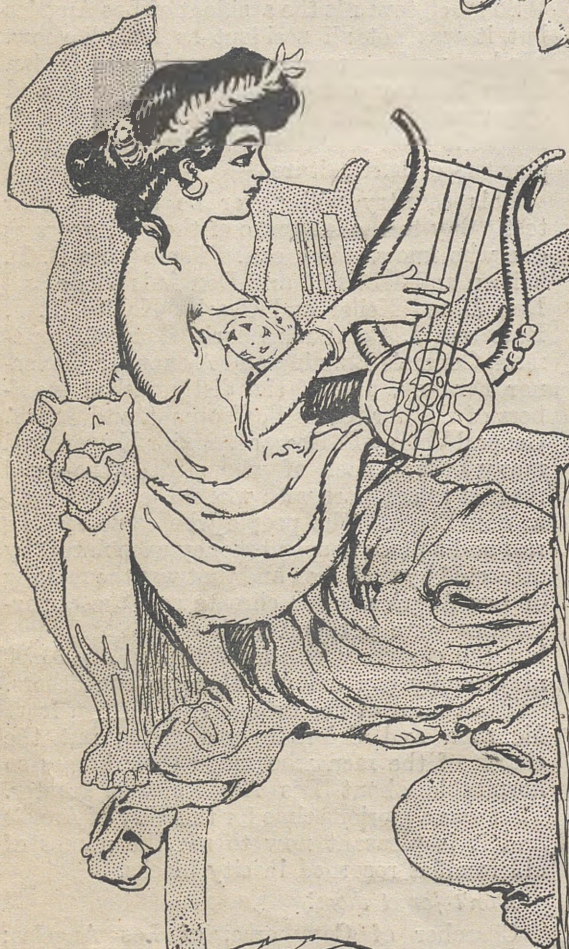
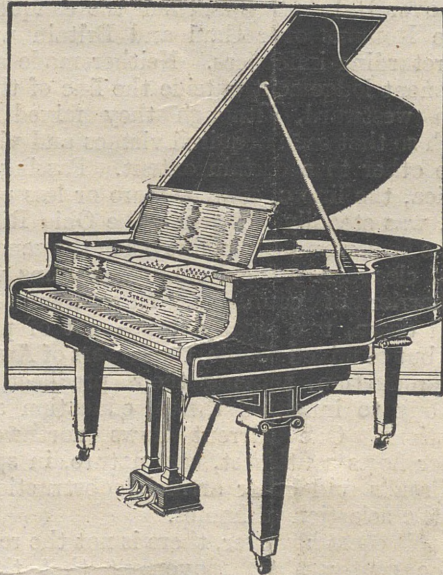


Graphic



VOL. XXVII. Los Angeles, Cal., June 8, 1907. No. 2



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The Great Southwest

By CHARLES A. WETMORE

I announced in my last article on the "Great South West" that my next subject would be *LOS ANGELES—The Paris of America*. My San Diego friends can wait awhile; I have told them that Jay Gould, the Wizard of Wall Street, whose family influence now is assuring them of his credit in the bank of prophecy, said that San Diego would be the "Baltimore of the Pacific." Baltimore is good enough, even if Los Angeles is to be Paris; better, according to some points of view.

I am not so sure of the word "Paris," yet it seems to hit the idea of a place to which all the world goes, or wants to go once in a lifetime. There is an older idea than Paris—that is Rome. For it was said that all roads led to Rome; but Paris is the modern Rome.

I will concentrate the idea into a notion of a modern city that shall include the idea of Alexandria, Athens, Venice, Rome and Paris. That will be the future Los Angeles. Let San Diego be content to be the maritime city of the Phoenicians, looking to the west and ruling the destinies of commerce of the South West—simple Baltimore will do well enough for the Realty Board.

That I may not appear to be too fanciful and prejudiced locally, let me say now that I think the greatest power of modern civilization will be in the "Great North West"—on the shores of Puget Sound. The concentrated essence of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Amsterdam, Berlin and St. Petersburg will be in the north. France and Belgium will be between us; but as I said last week, that Paris was not France, so it may be here. Los Angeles may be disguised as the quintessence of semi-Mediterranean culture, Latin, Celt, or more polyglot Rome of the West.

Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles!

This is the city of All Saints of Mediterranean origin; even of those who gave the name of Latins to the French.

The Norse gods will rule on Puget Sound.

Ask the Noble Order of Commercial Travelers, who are the modern crusaders, what they think of these propositions. They may not write to tell what they think of it.

Let it be Los Angeles of America, the Paris of the West, or Nuova Roma, as you will; but, whatever the name, the fact remains and the wealth of the world is finding it out. Even the people of slow-going Stockton have been here on a pilgrimage this week to see the new wonder. The wise men of the east are continually coming and no one can easily tell the reason.

Whatever the cause may be, a great city is growing here. It is unlike any other in America. It is easier to believe now in a million-inhabitants twenty years hence than it was twenty years ago to believe in what now exists. As I referred last week to Zangwill's remark about Paris, that it was the only self-conscious city in the world since Jerusalem was humbled, and applied the same idea to Los Angeles, so may any reflective man catch my idea, if he remains here a short while and keeps aloof from real estate agents.

This city is growing as an American consequence, out of the superabundance of our people and according to natural laws not hitherto perceived. It is in the "Great South West" because only here are the conditions for its growth.

It is in Los Angeles as an accident because it was the only available place for its foundation during the wars of the railroad kings. It will occupy an area greater than any city

of history and for that I am inclined to give reasons, believing that my San Diego friends have cause to take heart of hope rather than regret from the showing.

I am going to indulge myself in the expression of what may seem to be extravagant ideas in these articles; not because I wish to be sensational, but because I truly believe I am giving a message to the people.

I believe that the world of men is ruled by forces—call them gods as the Jews did when they were working their way out of Egypt—if you like. There was a god of the Jews and there are equally gods of all the races of men.

Account for me, if you will, for the cities of New Orleans and St. Paul; the one at the strategic point of exit of the Mississippi River and the other at the head of navigation. The one ruled by the gods of the Mediterranean and the other by no gods, or the Norse gods in their veins. Isis and Osiris have their periodical divorces in the history of man's migration. Let it be Isis in Point Loma; it is Osiris in Puget Sound. It may be one god in San Francisco but it is Mammon.

But to come back to Los Angeles, the Queen city of the "Great South West." There are reasons that are not mystical for her existence and growth. Moving from east to west the ever restless people of all races are divided in their choice of direction by the valleys of the Colorado and the Columbia. Such diversions of the popular movements have been noted all the way from Asia.

The political movements of the German races over Italy and Spain and the conquests of the Romans over Gaul and Britain were only retarding influences. Neither made any permanent lodgement outside the line of their march westward, although they mixed up enough so that each acquired virtues and vices of the other to a certain extent. Passing to America, the line of march, more or less confused, was steadily westward, the Ohio River and the Mason and Dixon line being the general line of cleavage. The Rocky Mountains was the barrier of confusion. Now there has settled down, two steady flows—not of pure races, but of mixed people, the flowers of American production, showing their predilections according to inherited tastes, education and aspirations. One current flows northwest; another flows southwest, and nature, in spite of railroads and other artificial obstructions, rules the selection of homes.

On this coast however, there is not the room for the southwestern movement that there was in Europe. Instead of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Southern France and Spain, we have only the limited coast of Southern California with some chances in Lower California and Sonora. The rest, to the south, is tropical and unfit for the home life of the race, unmixed with savages. What was possible for Greece, Italy, and Southern France and Spain, must be accomplished for a more powerful movement than the world ever saw before, in this southern California coast. There is no sense in a petty rivalry of hospitality to such a coming host. I remember that one day in 1884—before the flood of that year—I was conversing with L. L. Bradbury at his home near Duarte, east of Los Angeles. I told him of some thirty thousand acres I had for sale in San Diego County for five dollars an acre. "Why," he said, "if the land is as you describe I will buy it all. Don't you know there is not room enough here for the people who are coming?" We made an engagement to meet in San Diego, but when the

day came the first rains of the great flood of that year commenced and I received his telegraphic message that he must wait until the storm was over. Before that storm ended, all the railroads were washed into the ocean and for two years thereafter there was no communication with San Diego except by sea or stage coach. During that storm the first party from Montana, including Senator Clark, was imprisoned in the Horton House, playing pedro to kill time and cursing San Diego lands as Illinois swamps. They went to Los Angeles by sea and started the boom which has resulted in a great city.

So much towards the accident of Los Angeles but it was not all accident as I shall show. We had nothing to attract people with in San Diego but bay and climate, vacant lands and opportunity. Los Angeles had a nucleus of magnetic men and the visible works of great pioneers of horticulture.

This country will never be able to bear testimony to the influence of these pioneers as one who knows them can. There were B. D. Wilson and Wolfskill and Don Luis Vigne and Don Mateo Keller and Charles Kohler, L. J. Rose and J. De Barth Shorb, General Stoneman, Generals Banning and Alexander, Governor Downey, and of the distinguished members of the bar, Glassell, Chapman and Smith, General Volney E. Howard, Major Kowen and many others, each of whom was a personal magnet to compare with whom there was none in San Diego. The people who came seeking rest and a place to spend money were naturally attracted by such men and that was the making of Los Angeles. The climate and the opportunities were not better than in San Diego, but the company was irresistible. The Banning family can tell you that; so can others.

The charm of the orange tree to men from Montana and Colorado was great; but the charm of the men who made their homes so hospitable about Los Angeles was greater. That was a glorious time for this City of Angels and it is pleasant now to see the names of old families recorded in city blocks.

Don't forget them!

Chamber of Commerce, of Los Angeles; don't forget to give the credit where it is due!

Your orange groves are to be credited to the Wolfskills and the Wilsons. Your credit for vineyards to the Franciscan Fathers, primarily; but, for colonization purposes, to Don Luis Vigne, a Frenchman; and to Keller and Kohler. God bless their memory! And don't forget the Germans of the Anaheim colony.

I have often referred to the Franciscans on account of their influence in founding all this country. I need not repeat here my testimony to their work, but this new development depended on the enterprise of the Wolfskills and the Wilsons and Don Luis Vigne.

So let it pass. The present generation is enjoying the fruits in Los Angeles of labors long forgotten.

If San Diego had had one Wilson, or one Don Luis Vigne, the history of the state might have been different. However, it is just right as it is, better than men could have planned. Governor Stanford once said to me in the '70s, that "those Los Angeles people make more noise than a bag of nuts." He didn't know and I didn't at that time the power of a self-conscious city. That self-conscious city is the Los Angeles of today—the real metropolis of California—the Paris of America—or, if you will, Nuova Roma, *Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles*.

R. H. Hay Chapman
Editor

Graphic

Winfield Scott
Manager

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Vote for the Owens River Bonds!

1. Because Los Angeles Needs the Water
2. Because no Adequate Supply is Available Elsewhere
3. Because the Project is Practicable

Matters of Moment

President Roosevelt's Memorial Day address at Indianapolis, bids fair to mark an epoch in the history of railroad legislation in the United States. The President in the course of his address plainly indicated the revised Rooseveltian platform, which, it may be added, is certainly the Taft platform. The portion of the President's address which is his platform is concise and definite. It reads:

There must be progressive legislative and administrative action for the correction of the evils which every sincere man must admit to have existed in railroad management in the past. Such additional legislation as that for which I have asked in the past, and especially that for which I asked in my message at the opening of the last session of Congress, is not merely in the interest of the public, but must emphatically in the interest of every honest railway manager and of all investors or would-be investors in railway securities.

There must be vested in the Federal Government a full power of supervision and control over the railways doing interstate business; a power in many respects analogous to and as complete as that which the government exercises over the national banks. It must possess the power to exercise supervision over the future issuance of stocks and bonds either through a national incorporation (which I should prefer) or in some similar fashion; such supervision to include the frank publicity of everything which would-be investors and the public at large have a right to know.

The Federal Government will thus be able to prevent all over-capitalization in the future; to prevent any man hereafter from plundering others by loading railway properties with obligations and pocketing the money instead of spending it in improvements and in legitimate corporate purposes; and any man acting in such fashion should be held to criminal accountability.

It should be declared contrary to public policy henceforth to allow railroads to devote their capital to anything but the transportation business; certainly not to the hazards of speculation. For the very reason

that we desire to favor the honest railroad manager, we should seek to discourage the activities of the man whose only concern with railroads is to manipulate their stocks.

The business of railroad organization and management should be kept entirely distinct from investment or brokerage business, especially of the speculative type, and the credit and property of the corporation should be devoted to the extension and betterment of its railroads and to the development of the country naturally tributary to the lines. These principles are fundamental.

Certainly nothing can be more direct and plain than that. But on co-related subjects affecting the status of the railroads the President is equally explicit. Scattered through the address are sentences and phrases that state to a nicety the position of the thinking people of the United States. For instance:

"We * * * stand unalterably for a new era of widest publicity and fair dealing on the part of the railroads with stockholders, passengers and shippers."

"We seek nothing revolutionary. The purpose * * * is in no sense punitive or vindictive."

"We would be the first to protest against and form of confiscation of property."

"We favor the railway manager who keeps in close touch with the people along his line rather than in close touch with the speculative market."

"We wish to make it to the interest of the investor to put his money into the honest development of the railroads."

"This nation would no more injure securities which have become a part of the national wealth than it would consider a proposition to repudiate the public debt. But the public interest requires guarantee against improper multiplication of the securities in the future."

One of the questions most frequently asked during the last two weeks about the campaign for the water bonds is:

Why are such strenuous efforts being made by the advocates of the bonds to get out a big vote and to secure a big majority?

Several "doubting Thomases" think they see in this activity some hidden and ulterior purpose and it is to these that these remarks are directed.

The reason is that a big vote and a big majority are desirable in furthering the sale of the securities.

Suppose, for instance, that the bonds carry by a slender majority of a small vote. Immediately bond buyers and bond dealers would come to the conclusion that Los Angeles wasn't so much in earnest after all in getting an adequate water supply; that the subject was of indifference to the mass of the people and however much the water is needed, the populace didn't care very much.

But let it go out to the financial world that Los Angeles is in earnest; that a great mass of the voters went to the polls; that the majority in favor of the bonds was emphatic; that Los Angeles is full of grit and equal to the vast undertaking; and forthwith bond buyers will feel better about the issues and sales will be far easier than under other conditions.

That the bonds will carry appears to be a foregone conclusion. The opposition that has been made has stimulated the friends of the water project to greater action. Estimates of the size of the majority vary. The original Owens River bond issue carried by a vote of about 14 to 1. The ratio will be smaller in the present instance. Among the leaders of the mercantile bodies the opinion obtains that

10 to 1 will be about the correct figure. The *Graphic* hazards an estimate—7 to 1.

It is impossible for any citizen with eyes to see, if he be not blinded by immediate profit or by reckless partisanship, to ignore the signs of the times. As a nation, and more specifically in California and San Francisco, at this present, we are **Whither and Why** sailing through a Scylla of Labor and a Charybdis of Capital.

The problems of industrial economy, involving both co-operation and an equitable division of both profit and loss, have been thrust upon us with precipitate suddenness. Some of us had hoped that such problems would be left to the next generation. Those who had seen San Francisco built up and then torn down by ruthless elements in the space of only three days, had hoped that there was enough work for them to do without attempting to solve the severest, if inevitable, questions which have made Capital and Labor antagonistic instead of sympathetic, as the natural laws of economy direct.

But it has been so ordered. And with the dauntless spirit that each fateful dawn gave fresh heart to the pioneers no true Californian will flinch the destiny of his day. There is no occasion to indulge in gloom or self-pity over the grievous quarrels that now embarrass San Francisco. Rather must her citizens strive to face the difficulties fairly and squarely, and find a way over them.

"Quit ye like men" should be the watchword of the hour: like fair men of intelligence and strength. If we ignore the complaints of the discontented—even though their grievances seem unreal, trivial or imaginary—we lack charity, and indeed the same recommendation of mercy is needed for those of high estate whose names today are the by-words of the newspapers, the targets of prosecution.

Whither are we pressing our energies, our complaints and our disorders?

Is our goal peace and prosperity, or is it riot, revolution and disaster?

The argument even of the socialist is not to be denied. It must be met with patience. Only this week a London correspondent of the *Graphic* writes: "Socialism, as exemplified in England, is a symptom of degeneration—a palsied thing. The conversion of Great Britain to socialism would have meant its perversion into a gigantic workhouse." The "workhouse" in England is the last resort of the improvident and the vicious. The wise men of England, among whom we may count our correspondent, thank Heaven and their sturdy ancestors that "the thing" got "a thorough knocking" at the late municipal elections.

Whither has San Francisco been drifting?

Sometimes it is well to go afield to get a perspective on ourselves. In an interview last week the head of the greatest financial power in the world, Lord Rothschild, said:

The best that can be said is that the markets are no worse today. Perhaps they are slightly better. But with President Roosevelt attacking the railroads in one part of the world, the income tax question and other problems in France, and the Socialist movement in England, the people are killing the goose that laid the golden eggs, and we can expect nothing more than the market position reveals.

Supposing that capital chose to grow weary of the strife with Labor and shut up shop; realized its securities in this country as best it could, and retired abroad in Astorian or Carnegian course: What would happen to Organized Labor?

Even we, the consumers and the passengers—the third party to the strife—would suffer inevitably.

Labor may strike at Capital, but in the

meantime also, in our time at least, it is obviously possible for Capital to lock up Labor. This journal holds no brief for either the special privileges of the Few—whose rule in politics has been predominant—or for the exorbitant demands of the Labor Trust. We deplore the extravagances of either class, and the fact that instead of marching side by side to the goal of industrial peace and prosperity they should be so perpetually and so fatally aligned against each other.

In San Francisco's case,—the troubles and disorders, industrial, political and social which now vex and obstruct that community—firm heads and stout hearts are truly needed. A valiant fight must be waged for industrial freedom—for the lawful rights of the individual—or San Francisco will inevitably succumb to the thralldom of Labor Union dictation and tyranny.

Nor can we remain blind to the private conspiracies that beset that stricken city. No possible autocracy—concentration of political and industrial power in a single individual, or, indeed, distributed among a single class—is possible if the heritage of Republican institutions and the faith of our fathers are to be maintained.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has done much good in uncovering graft and corruption. But he may do much evil if San Francisco continues to enthrone him as the idol and tribune of the people.

There are some keen and sagacious observers, indeed, who believe that Mr. Spreckels and his colleagues are being used—perhaps beyond their ken—in a gigantic conspiracy to concentrate the control of public utilities and political power within far narrower and more dangerous limits than those which hitherto have obtained.

Supposing, for a moment, that all Mr. Spreckels' ambitions were gratified; that Mr. Patrick Calhoun were sent to the penitentiary and the franchises of the United Railroads were cancelled, and hence eventually the ownership, of all the public utilities, including the indicted United Railroads, the Gas Company, Electric Company, the Telephone companies, and even the major portions of realty control, were to pass into the hands of Mr. Spreckels, Mr. Phelan and their associates.

Is Mr. Rudolph Spreckels infallible? Is he omnipotent? Is he actually so superior to the rest of us that he would direct such interests, both industrial and political, against his own ambitions—and surely he is man enough to have them—working solely and wholly for the public good, inspired only by patriotic and unselfish impulse?

Even were such an Admirable Crichton, such an impeccable, perfect person to be found in Mr. Rudolph Spreckels—or any other man born of woman—would such a dictatorship be worthy of our American and Republican institutions, or significant of our independence and our birthright as freeborn Americans?

"Vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself." In all consideration of the good work Mr. Spreckels, Mr. Heney and their colleagues have done, we recommend most earnestly the contemplation of these dangers to each and every one of themselves and their blind followers.

Mr. Patrick Calhoun and others are fighting back. They will not permit the war to be waged only on their camp. They scorn the tyranny of such government as we have bowed to since the confession of the conscienceless supervisors; they are alert to the dangers that menace the enterprise and honesty of individual effort. Nor are they terrorized by the

calumnies or assaults of an unlicensed press nor by the boasts of vengeful private prosecutors. They declare they have nothing to be ashamed of, and are prepared to prove it.

Before San Francisco accepts Rudolph Spreckels as undisputed dictator, her citizens should solemnly ask themselves: "Why and whither?"

About once in a year or so—maybe longer—it happens that the *Graphic's* point of view on current happenings agrees with that of the *Times*. Whenever this occurs, there is a chorus of *whys*. It so happens that the *Graphic* and the *Times* agree pretty thoroughly on the situation which has developed in San Francisco and just now we are being besieged with the usual flood of questions.

We believe that the *Times* is right in the positions which it assumes on the general policy of supporting the open shop. Here we are heartily in accord with that paper, although we do not join in its brutal and intemperate language. The *Graphic* is free to admit that Harrison Gray Otis is badly needed in San Francisco at this particular juncture. He is a mighty valuable citizen to any community although as long as he remains in the same city with us we prefer that he should be on one side of the place and we on the other. There is a dry goods house in Los Angeles today that if occasion arose would clamor for the open shop and metaphorically "cheer for the old man"; the same house in San Francisco refused to sell silk to a lady because she had been riding on the cars of the United Railroads. When it comes to dealing with spineless merchants like these, Harrison Gray Otis has his uses.

The *Graphic* knows that Rudolph Spreckels is the absolute master of San Francisco. This true, why does he not prevent the violence offered to non-union car employees? To argue that the police cannot prevent these outrages is absurd. They can. All that the San Francisco police need to be assured is that they will have support from the ruler of the city—Rudolph Spreckels. The San Francisco police can maintain order if they are convinced that by doing so they will not fall under the union ban, or, what is worse, the displeasure of Mr. Spreckels.

For grafters, big and little and under whatever name, the *Graphic* has no countenance. This paper has fought graft locally, fought it in the state, fought the Republican machine, fought the railroad machine, fought the Municipal League's battles for decent government too long to be questioned by every newspaper snip who comes along.

The immediate need of the hour in San Francisco is to maintain order and to insure to every man the right to work without regard to whether he belongs to a union or not. Rudolph Spreckels, the ruler of the city of San Francisco, can guarantee that if he will. The next need of the hour is to probe the graft business to the bottom in the courts. The fight of Rudolph Spreckels and Phelan against the United Railroads, which is generally understood to involve the possession of the street railway franchises, is a side issue which unfortunately is clouding the main issue. What the public is concerned in accomplishing, is to secure the conviction of every bribe-giver and as many bribe-takers as are not needed to furnish evidence against the bribe-givers.

Finally to the *Times* we renew our assurances of dis-esteem. About ninety-nine times in a hundred the *Times* "gets in wrong."

Following hard after the wreck of the Shriner Special at Honda comes another wreck on the Coast Line near Bradley in the Salinas Valley. This wreck did not attract the same widespread attention as the Honda disaster because the loss of life was less—two train hands and two tramps—but the smash appears to have been fully as great.

Again the *Graphic* offers the solution of much of the trouble that the railroad is having—defective track, due to superficial track-walking. The track-walking of today consists in sending a railway tricycle over the road at a high rate of speed. We hold that this system is not to be compared in efficiency with the old-time method. A man on foot, provided with a wrench, hammer, spikes and a sharp pair of eyes will detect twenty defects in the trackage where a tricycle high-speed artist will see one.

The editor of the *Scientific American* has undertaken a study into the causes of defective tracks. Steering between the excuse of the steel rail makers that the speeds are too high and that the rolling stock is too heavy for the rails, and the excuse of the railroad authorities that the steel makers do not deliver as good rails as they are paid for, the editor of the *Scientific* is inclined to give ear to the plaint of the railroads. He finds, among other things, that since the steel trust has been formed rail mills have not only ceased accepting specifications furnished by the railroads, but after substituting their own specifications have ceased guaranteeing the rails made under them. Another thing found out is that a Bessemer steel ingot was formerly trimmed of impure steel at the end of the pipe, or casting cavity, so as to furnish three rails when rolled out; but it is now trimmed so as to allow four rails to an ingot. It is said that this fourth rail is the one that hides within it a defect or

fissure which soon develops into a break under the test of heavy traffic. Yet rail-makers insist that this rail is as good as any and good enough, although railrad men, after much investigation and many tests, declare that these rails won't do. It is asserted that the prevalence of low-grade ore makes it impossible for the mills to make better rails by the Bessemer process than they are now making. The remedy suggested is to return to the more leisurely open hearth process to insure better steel, and trim the ingots more liberally.* But, owing to the immense demand for steel rails and the tendency of the makers even to reduce the time devoted to making a rail, it is not likely that the railroads will get any relief.

All of this is very nice reading, but where does the public get off? Is life of greater or less consequence than that the Steel Trust should get four rails instead of three out of a steel ingot?

From the Inside

Responsibility of the Masses.

It is a self evident proposition that a community gets just as good, as bad or as indifferent a government as it is entitled to. If its voters are careless of the public interest, the reins of government inevitably fall into the hands of those people or corporations who realize the stake that they have in public policies with far clearer comprehension than does the mass of unorganized, inchoate voters. If our State Legislature is disgraceful, no voter in California can escape the responsibility, and indeed the penalty, for such disgrace. Nor is this true of government only. It is clearly true of all public utilities, and especially true of that public utility known as the press. It is obvious that the newspapers of a community reflect its sentiments—the convictions, the ideals, the tastes, the prejudices and the passions of its citizens.

San Francisco Press.

A community therefore must, in large measure, be judged by the tone and policy of its press. The two great publicity money-makers in San Francisco have been the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*. Before the disaster of 1906 the *Examiner* was netting its proprietor about half a million a year, while the income of the *Chronicle* is believed to have been about \$300,000. Incidentally, I am told that during the seven years preceding the disaster, Mr. John D. Spreckels's badly-abused paper, the *Call*—which, for a number of years was edited

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and controlled by W. "Sam" Leake, one of the most dangerous men that ever intrigued in California—lost half a million dollars. Mr. Hearst and Mr. De Young have made large fortunes out of their newspapers because, although they are entirely different both in policy and composition, they have both catered successfully to very large portions of the San Francisco public. In other words, the *Examiner*, on the one hand, and the *Chronicle*, on the other, provided their patrons with the kind of newspaper they wanted, along precisely the same lines of business followed by the grocer, the dry goods seller or any other merchant. They gave the people what they wanted. Their first pages were their show windows, and their editorial pages displayed their home products.

Cowards.

It is no new story that in all the labor troubles that have vexed and obstructed San Francisco the daily press has proved itself, over and over again, infirm and cowardly. The commercial policy—to *sell papers*—is quite transparently the ruling passion of these papers. If they have convictions, their editors cook and flavor them into such palatable dishes as are deemed best suited to the taste of their subscribers. And always there is the fear before them of losing a subscriber and the hope of catching more. The result, demonstrated over and over again in city and state elections, has been that the press of San Francisco exerts small influence in elections. Schmitz was re-elected to the mayoralty with practically every newspaper in San Francisco bitterly opposing him. In fact, to many voters it would appear that the very vehemence of the editorial opposition afforded a good argument in favor of the opposed candidate. Readers may be amused, entertained or fascinated by rag-time journalism but they do not take anything seriously which transparently lacks sincerity. A newspaper's sincerity and independence are like a woman's virtue.

Easy Going.

Moreover, San Francisco is a peculiar community. The majority of its men and women are easy-going and light-hearted; they eat, drink and sleep sensation. It may be that the keen, bracing air from the sea stimulates their nerves to excitement and perhaps the frequent fog beclouds their deliberate judgment.† Certain it is that the

average San Franciscan is abnormally tolerant. One day we find him patiently submitting to Ruefism and the political and industrial tyranny of Labor Unionism which has become corrupt and abominable; the next day we find him prone at the feet of an idol in the person of Rudolph Spreckels. The truth is that the denizens of the Golden Gate have been so immersed in their own misfortunes, in the reconstruction of their business and their homes, in the spending of their insurance money—in their own pleasures, their pains and their toils—that they have had scant time and less inclination to become active or serious about anything but their immediate concerns. Two years ago Abraham Ruef was the biggest man in San Francisco and threatened to become as big a man as any in the state of California. Ruef held that position and nursed

Walk-over SHOES

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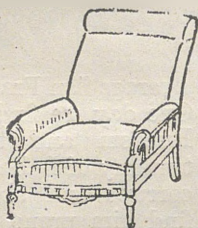
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his ambitions by the sufferance of a complacent people. They viewed the license of French restaurants with Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy—they would not consent to the municipal recognition of such places but would have howled with protest if they could not have "all the conveniences of an up-to-date modern metropolis." Ruef's ascendancy and power were encouraged by the average San Franciscan. The curly-headed little boss was courted on all sides. Millionaires were at his feet begging for indulgences, politicians fawned for his favor, while almost every business man in the city sought his smiles. Ruef, after all, was only the natural excrecence of public indifference and popular taste.

Volatility.

The volatility of the San Franciscan is once more demonstrated when we find him worshipping at the shrine of Saint Rudolph. Careless to inquire what are, Mr. Spreckels's true motives and what is the real cause of his musade, the populace seems to have been grateful to him and to Mr. Heney because they have whetted its interest by giving it sensation after sensation—*panem et circenses*. Day after day the names of the heroes of the municipal drama have decorated the headlines of the press, which is as careless and inaccurate concerning truth and the facts as its readers, with the result that today, or rather yesterday—for the wind has changed—we find San Francisco suffering from a *Spreckelsian Obsession*.

Kicking Up the Dust.

What is the editorial attitude on these grave subjects and difficult conditions? The *Examiner* of course may be depended upon to kick up all the dirt and dust it dare every day. It indicts, impeaches, arraigns convicts and punishes men in high places according to the whim or passion of its proprietor and editors. The *Examiner* not only distorts the truth—sometimes spontaneously sometimes with deliberate malice. If ever there is a rich man's head in sight—save only Hearst himself—they hit it with all the mud balls at their command. The *Chronicle*, begotten and nursed on blackmail but now respectable enough to enjoy a monopoly of the breakfast tables of the Pacific Union Club, belongs to a snob and is edited by an old woman. Mr. M. H. De Young, its proprietor, grew rich and reformed from most of his evil ways—those that sent his brother to the grave. Its editor, Mr. John P. Young, is a most amiable theorist, an erudite egotist, who can discourse at illimitable length on the features of the tariff, the single tax idea and any number of economical and sociological subjects; but when a condition and not a theory faces this editor, he balks at action and retires on philosophy. In such a crisis as San Francisco has faced during the last month—and is still facing—the pen dipped in good red blood, robust and fearless is needed instead of the water of the dialectician who prefers to temporize with every evil rather than fight it. We find the *Chronicle* each morning veering from point to point of the compass according to the wind of its circulation. First didactic of law and order and homilectic on industrial freedom; the next morning, fearful of losing the subscriptions

of a few Union Labor sympathizers, it apologizes for their indiscretions and tilts at their foes.

Young Spreckels In Control.

The *Call* is now controlled by John D. Spreckels, Jr., a young man still in his twenties, to whom has been confided the management of most of his father's properties. "Jack" Spreckels is thoroughly imbued with the modern commercial idea of newspapering, which is, that a newspaper's exchequer is more important than its conscience. He frankly admits that his ambition is to convert the *Call* into a money-making proposition, which it has never been. The paper, he tells me, is now making money, and he is quite confident about its future. Ernest Simpson, formerly city editor of the *Chronicle*, and Charles W. Hornick, who was Mr. De Young's business manager, both of whom "Jack" Spreckels captured shortly after the disaster, are the responsible agents in the conduct of the paper. The *Call* publishes a great variety of news, but unashamedly suppresses or colors local reports, while its editorials fail to carry conviction because of their lack of firm character or strong purpose. In the beginning of the carmen's strike the *Call* came out with a great flourish of trumpets declaring that it would publish all the news all the time without fear or favor, etc., etc., but it has utterly failed to fulfil its pledge. Nobody is deceived by its duplicity. The Union men laugh in their sleeves at its weak-kneed attempts to curry favor with them, while the citizens who are convinced that the principle of the "open shop" will alone save San Francisco from decline and demoralization, scorn and deride its spineless policy and duplicity.

Bulletin's Editor.

In reference to the *Bulletin*, some of my good friends have called me to task for using the word "pimp" in referring last week to its managing editor. If my friends can supply any more descriptive epithet for an editor who during the last ten years has prostituted brilliant talents to a vain pursuit after political power and prestige, and perpetually pandering to first one class and then another, I will gladly substitute their emendation. Fremont Older has called to his assistance that clever writer and reckless demagogue, ex-Congressman E. J. Livernash. This hysterical agitator is especially engaged in hurling invective at the United Railroads and defending the interests of the *Bulletin's* lessee, ex-Mayor James D. Phelan, who, of course, is hand in glove with Rudolph Spreckels in commercial, financial, industrial and political ventures.

Other Papers.

There are two other evening papers, the *Post*, published by our old friend, Thomas Garrett, the "Bishop of Broadway"; and a Scripps-McRae paper, the *News*, which is run in *Record* rag-time. Tom Garrett has retired to the Mission, and is satisfied to administer the news and editorials on abstruse foreign subjects to his own parish only. If one may heed the praise given the *News* by stump orators at night on Fillmore street corners, that paper has some influence with the Trade Unionists.

Entitled to Contempt.

In this brief review of the San Francisco press I have endeavored to be fair, but I cannot conceal my contempt for such cowardly and infirm policies as permeate these papers

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As Bernard Shaw has poignantly described in his preface to *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*, there can be no comparison for infamy of the unfortunate woman who goes out on the street and sells her body for bread and clothing, and the man, journalist or lawyer, who deliberately prostitutes his brain in defending or prosecuting causes against his principles. The San Francisco press is shameful for its spinelessness and shameless in its lack of conscience and character.

Rudolph's Decline.

That Rudolph Spreckels, despite his unsatisfactory denials, has deliberately sacrificed the heart of his prosecution to the heels of his personal vendetta can no longer be doubted. Mr. Spreckels has evidently entered into a secret alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Labor Unions, and this might be demonstrated in a dozen different directions. Spreckels, Heney and their agents are in frequent consultation with the labor leaders, joining their forces in the plan to "do up" the United Railroads, to "get even" with Calhoun, to capture existing franchises, to collar the public utilities of San Francisco, and to perpetuate the Labor Union domination of industry and government, with Rudolph Spreckels enthroned as general manager and director.

House of Cards.

The house of cards that Mr. Spreckels has built up for his palace of a simon-pure and unselfish patriot, is toppling to the ground. It is now recalled, among other things, that Mr. Spreckels was one of the first to take advantage of the great calamity of a year ago by enormously raising the rents of all the tenants of his properties. We are reminded that in the arbitration of the car men's troubles made a few months ago everybody appeared to be satisfied except Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. Someone has been unkind enough to uncover the fact that the only public interest in this community with which Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has been identified is the race track at Ingleside. It is obvious that Mr. Spreckels in collaboration with Mr. Heney and Mr. Langdon is conspiring to manipulate the labor vote at next November's election, and with this end in view is cementing his alliances with Cornelius, McCarthy, Tveitmoe, Furuseth and other Hessian labor leaders, who today are at his beck and call, while he has made the Board of Supervisors his footstool.

As I have endeavored to point out previously, the great calamity that still confronts San Francisco is not the industrial struggle between Labor and Capital, in which as yet

only a small percentage of the community is directly engaged, but the disintegration of social order. This is the concern not only of the 400,000 people of San Francisco, but of every citizen of California who cares for her good name and would guard it from worldwide disgrace. Not only is the value of all property in this city menaced, but the safety of any life. Lest it may seem I am guilty of exaggeration, I cull at random from the newspapers of the last three days only a few bald incidents, which sufficiently prove the social chaos that exists.

William Fargey was shot Saturday night by a man who had a permit to carry a revolver, because Fargey had made an attempt to defend his life, which was threatened by a mob of thirty or forty men. His companion escaped, but the police have been bending their energies to capture him. Not one of the union pickets was arrested. That Fargey was not hasty in his action is shown by the fact that, although pursued by a mob of men hurling rocks at him, he fired over their heads, notwithstanding that he might have killed several of them had he desired. The strike-breaker has been charged with assault to murder and with carrying a concealed weapon.

About the same hour and in the vicinity of the Turk street barn, Chief Electrician Foster, of the United Railroads, was set upon by a mob of union pickets, many of whom he recognized. Foster is a graduate of Harvard University. He had been in the burned district superintending the cutting of wires so that a derrick could be moved across the street, and was returning after the completion of his work. He had no sooner crossed Webster street than he was set upon by a crowd of union pickets, many of whom were acquainted with him and knew his connection with the company. He was in a buggy, and horse, vehicle and man became the target for hundreds of missiles. Foster is a special officer and was armed. He drew his pistol but refrained from firing, although the bombardment did not let up. There were no policemen in sight, so he whipped up his horse and drove around the block, followed by the mob and the stones. Although Foster was defending himself alone against forty or fifty men when the police finally arrived they made no attempt to arrest any of the union pickets, but preceded at once to disarm Foster.

Fieldman Reddish, the demented carman, who was shot four times Wednesday evening by Policeman Moran and Sturn, after he had opened fire from the roof of the Kentucky street car barn, died of his wounds at the Central Emergency Hospital yesterday.

L. F. Madru, the waiter who was shot during a brawl on Monday night at Van Ness avenue and Oak street, died last night at the Clara Barton Hospital.

Another complaint charging Richard Cordes, a striking carman, and two unknown companions with attempting to short-circuit the electric wires of the United Railroads was sworn to yesterday afternoon.

The case of Jess Lamar, motorman, charged with murder in shooting and killing James Walsh, teamster, on the afternoon of May 7, during the rioting in Turk street, appeared before Police Judge Shortall yesterday.

A Sutter street car, turning in for the night just after

dark, was stoned in Devisadero treet from a dark alley between Post and Geary streets. One stone struck Inspector Mougues, glancing off and striking Inspector Cummins.

Haight street car 1406, west bound, was blown up with a nitroglycerine bomb at Cole street Monday night. Though the car was badly wrecked, no one was injured. Daniel J. White, a striking conductor, was identified as the man who laid the explosive in front of the approaching car and was arrested. With the use of a little more explosive the car would have been splintered to toothpicks and the strike-breaking crew and passengers killed.

The sympathizers of the striking carmen busied themselves generally in placing obstructions on the tracks in all parts of the city Monday. On one stretch of the Kearney street track, between Greenwich and Bay streets, were an old safe, several telegraph poles, several thousand feet of lumber and innumerable paving stones, all at one time. In Market street, between Ninth and Tenth, every possible variety of movable obstruction was placed on the track late last night.

Sarah Higgins, Rose Dunn, Kitty Mahoney and Anna Brasch, striking telephone operators, appeared before Police Judge Cabaniss yesterday on a charge of disturbing the peace.

Such instances might be multiplied a hundred-fold. Is not the chaos sufficiently complete to show that the police cannot guard life and property, and will not do their duty in preserving order? The *Chronicle* this morning thus urges Governor Gillett to intervene:

We would call the attention of the Governor to the fact that San Francisco is a part of the State of California within which he is sworn to see that the laws are executed. It cannot be said that the laws are being executed when men engaged in any legitimate business cannot venture on the streets alone without being set upon by a mob composed of the vilest of the vile, and when such men are only protected by the police but are shot down if they attempt to protect themselves.

Change in Feeling.

Mr. Heney's elaborate apology has failed to produce the effect hoped for. The one result upon public opinion seems to be the realization that Calhoun has succeeded in carrying the war into the camp of the Spreckels party and has forced them to defensive tactics. Just as Calhoun calmly and boldly faced the irritant cabal of agitators before the Board of Supervisors two weeks ago, so the other night he chose to visit the Alcazar Theater to witness *The Undertow*, the political graft play, which was produced at the Belasco in Los Angeles a few weeks ago. The president of the United Railroads occupied a box, sitting inconspicuously in the back, but nevertheless soon attracted the attention of the audience. In the Alcazar performance the mayor of the corrupted city is "made-up" in the image of Mayor Schmitz, while Will Walling disguises himself into an extravagant

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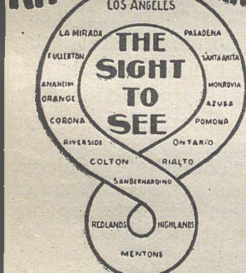
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likeness of Calhoun. The latter sat patiently through the play, which he declared to Mr. Belasco was a good and strong one, although in this performance he deplored the mimicry of himself. At the conclusion of the play Mr. Calhoun sought his automobile and found a crowd of 250 or 300 people waiting around it and watching for his exit. Now followed a remarkable and significant circumstance. As the president of the United Railroads got into his car and was whirled away, a spontaneous burst of applause surprised him, men cheering loudly and women waving their handkerchiefs. Such an expression must be taken as typical of the sentiments of the people. The demonstration was as significant as it was surprising.

Too Late For "Conciliation."

The latest effort of Mr. Spreckels and his colleagues is to force the United Railroads and the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company into a wrong position before the public by urging at this late date when both strikes are broken, bent and beaten, that they enter into conciliatory negotiations with the strikers. Governor Gillett, who is in extraordinarily difficult position, seems for the moment to have succumbed to this charlatanism, for he too, is urging "arbitration." But obviously the day of arbitration, in these matters at least, has passed. Mr. Calhoun will never again recognize the Carmen's Union, and it would appear that Mr. Henry T. Scott, president of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, is clearly determined no longer to place himself at the mercy of tyrannical Unions. The street car strike is, to all appearances, as dead as a door nail. Two hundred and twelve cars were run continuously yesterday from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., and Saturday it was figured conservatively that 175,000 passengers were carried. The telephone service has, within the last two weeks, improved distinctly. Because the iron trades strike was brought to a close by the efforts of the Conciliation Committee—the strikers, however, not gaining one inch of ground—the weak-kneed press and the Labor Union leaders are now hoping against hope that Mr. Scott and Mr. Calhoun will be driven back from the position in which they are entrenched. Twenty thousand men of twenty eight Unions in the iron trades are going back to their work this week after a strike that has lasted a full month and from which they gained practically nothing. "Score the first triumph, a triumph of peace," cried the *Call*, "for the Conciliation Committee of the Civic League!" And then the editor urges Calhoun and Scott to follow suit. In other words, to relinquish the principle of the "open shop" to which they are now irrevocably committed.

The Latest Strike.

Two hundred linemen employed by the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company went on strike Monday in sympathy with the striking telephone operators and demanding that the company recognize the Operators' Union. This move had been anticipated for several weeks by the company, which has planned to meet the emergency. The strike was not sought by the linemen but, as usual, was forced on them by violent agitators who have nothing to lose, because their fat salaries are not affected. A lineman, who did not want his name used in the newspapers for fear he would be "beaten up," said today: "We didn't want to go out, but we were outvoted by men in the Union who are not in the employ of the Telephone Company and have no personal concern whatsoever in this

strike." There has been little interruption in the service and none is expected, unless Labor Union agents—of course disowned by the Unions and characterized as outside hoodlums or insidious agents of the affected company—cut wires and destroy property.

Is not this simple and true narration of facts another evidence of the infernal folly of Labor Unions, through which honest and hard-working men are misled and duped by their walking delegates?

Sole Salvation.

The dry bones of Labor Unions cannot live. The potent medicine of the "open shop" must be applied to revive San Francisco's industry and restore her prestige. There is every prospect now that this righteous battle for industrial freedom will be fought to the last ditch. In its victory alone lies San Francisco's ultimate salvation and its redemption from the ills and crimes that so long have beset her. That this end will be attained without one of the severest struggles ever witnessed in this or any other country I fear can hardly be hoped for. "The cars should be run at night," cries the average citizen. "We will run them continuously from dawn until midnight," replies the railroad, "as soon as our property and your lives are protected." But under present conditions, with a sodden, lawless and incompetent police force and with thousands of Labor Union loafers eagerly watching for a chance to riot, it needs no prophetic vision to see that, in the language of the street, "hell will be popping" just as soon as the cars are run in the darkness.

R. H. Hay Chapman.

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Owens River Water

By CHARLES A. WETMORE

There are some interesting features about the Owens River aqueduct proposition, which call to mind water supplies of the cities and irrigated valleys of Peru. The rain clouds, which are formed from the evaporation of tropical waters of the Atlantic, yield abundant moisture to the east slope of the Andes, but so elevated are the Cordilleras that the last drops are wrung out of the atmosphere on the extreme heights, in the form of snow.

On the Pacific side of the Andes there is no rainfall for a distance of almost two thousand miles north and south, notwithstanding there are breezes from the ocean. The Aricaucanian desert extends along the coast from Ecuador southerly, including all the coast of Peru and the northern part of Chile. The roofs of the city of Lima are absolutely flat. One inch of rainfall would do incalculable damage. Most of the cities are supplied with water from the melting snows, in the like manner as the farmers of the Owens River valley are provided for.

The valley of the Rimac in which the seaport, Callao and the capital city, Lima, are situated, is profitably cultivated by means of irrigation. Other valleys are similarly provided for. In the southern part of Peru and the north of Chile some towns are dependent entirely upon water distilled from the ocean.

There are approximately similar conditions on the east slope of the Sierra Nevada. The rain clouds from the Pacific abundantly water the west slopes and deposit snow on the high crests. The forests are luxuriant up to the snow line on the west in California and on the east in Peru, and the desert areas are correspondingly reversed. Nitrates have been preserved for generations in the rainless parts of Peru, as they are now found in the Death Valley region. Petroleum is found on the coast of Peru; so it is known to exist on the desert side of our Sierras. Large areas have been located for oil in Mono County, and the sinking of wells will be commenced this year.

Water brought from the Andes from a source of supply, similar to the Owens River, has sustained the wealth of Peru for centuries. Lima, the City of the Kings, as it was called, could not have prospered without such water. Los Angeles, although not so dependent upon

Owens River as Lima is upon the Rimac, may however look for future glory as dependent upon a supply so similar in character, that when the aqueduct bonds are voted, we might almost expect the President of Peru to wire congratulations to the Mayor of Los Angeles, with a boast that the shadow of the Spanish Conquerors would now "take a smile." *Salut!*

Shall the Aqueduct be entirely covered? I say, no! It should, however be thoroughly fenced in and no doubt will be. Pathogenic germs—that is, those which are liable to produce disease in men and animals, are destroyed by sunshine. If there should be any cause to fear contamination from seepage waters along the line of the aqueduct in Owens valley, it will take long for the current to flow across the desert—that bright desert sunlight will be an effectual disinfectant. The exposure in settling reservoirs will also have its hygienic influence. These safeguards could not be made to apply to a catchment of the underflow and seepage waters of the Los Angeles River.

The ozone laden dry winds of the desert mountains will also exert a favorable influence, especially if aereating falls are provided for in high altitudes.

Pathogenic germs flourish in the dark especially in covered wells and springhouses.

I have at hand only one scientific authority to quote from on these points, but as that is one of the latest and best, it should be sufficient.

From the chapter on the "Influence of Light," in the English translation of "Technical Mycology," by Dr. Franz Lafar, Professor of Bacteriology in the Imperial Technical High School of Vienna, the following passages are quoted:

"The old empirical hygienic maxim concerning the disease banishing power of the sun's rays—which is well expressed by the Italian proverb, 'where the sun does not enter the doctor does'—finds a full explanation in the bacteriological discovery that the overwhelming majority of the fission fungi thrive much better in darkness than in light, and are, in fact, under certain circumstances killed by direct sunshine."

"All the pathogenic *Schizomycetes* seem to

succumb under the influence of sunlight. This has been shown by Arloing and Ward in respect of *Bacillus anthracis*; Gaillard for *B. typhi abdominalis*; Pausini for *Vibrio Cholerae Asiaticae* and a fungus giving rise to white pus in wounds (*Staphylococcus pyogenes albus*; Chnicliewski for the organism which induces the formation of yellow pus (*St. pyogenes aureus*), and the bacillus of erysipelas, (*Streptococcus erisipelatis*); Robert Koch for *Bacillus Tuberculosis*; Charrin for the organism producing swine-erysipelas and others.

In the chapter on the "Influence of Mechanical Shock" occurs the following:

"On the basis of his researches Horvath formulated the opinion that for the development of the living organism, or the physiological reproduction of the elements constituting the organism, a certain degree of repose is necessary, meaning thereby that rest mainly favors, whereas movement injures, reproduction."

Numerous experiments have shown contradictory results from agitation; but the general principal is fairly established. No doubt motion in an open conduit by repeatedly bringing the water to the surface influence of sunlight and ozonized atmosphere will aid in destroying pathogenic germs; and rapid shocks produced by falling down such an artificial rocky bed as can easily be constructed on the aqueduct line, combined with aereation would be beneficial. The direct rays of sunlight are effective to a depth of three feet.

If it were not for these principles, few river waters would be safe to drink. On the basis of hygienic theory, the waters of Owens River should be preferred to the near-by, low lying under-flow and seepage water of the Los Angeles River.

It has been demonstrated that ozone in the atmosphere is higher in quantity over the sea and in higher altitudes; lower, near swampy ground and the vicinity of large populations. The ozone is consumed in the latter cases by its action on decaying vegetation and other impurities. The desert air and the desert sun in a high altitude will be ideal guardians of the health of Los Angeles. The time for exposure of running water in an open conduit will be an important factor in this problem.

By the Way

Subway Plans.

Encouraging indeed are the statements made to me a few days ago by Mr. E. P. Clark, of the Sherman-Clark combination about the subway plans. Many people regard the construction of the subway westward from Hill street just south of Fourth, as something likely to come in the dim distant time, if at all. Mr. Clark's statements dispel this theory. "In times past," said he, "I have been reckless enough to start to build a bit of railway with small sections of the right of way still unsettled. This is not to be the case with the subway. Before a shovel of earth is turned every foot of the right of way will be settled for. There are a few bits along the subway now under adjustment. The right of way under the Olive street school property is in a fair shape to be settled. I can assure you positively that when the rights of way are

all ours, work will be begun and will be prosecuted vigorously not only from both ends but from the middle at Figueroa street." That sounds good!

Black, uncolored, mixed "Tea Kettle Tea."

Seven to One.

I have no desire to pose as a prophet, but if the Owens River water bonds are not carried by a vote of at least seven to one, then I shall hie me to Redondo for the remainder of the year, there to do penance for being an ass. Usually I am not an optimist in such things, but this bond election is such a snap, that the idea of anything like really serious opposition to the issue always has been to me a sort of some one trying to obtain glory or something else, or both, by false pretences.

Hearst Tommyrot.

With the *Examiner* out carrying a lighted lantern, trying to discover whether or not the Southern Pacific Coast Line is minus fish-plates, or whether General Superintendent R. H. Ingram was only fooling when he had Judge McKinley deliver an ultimatum that there will be no damages in cash forthcoming in wrecks that are not due to accident, those who make policy upon the Los Angeles Hearst-ling should be congratulated for the most remarkable bit of newspaper enterprise of the century. Imagine, if you can, a column story, announcing with properly embellished headlines, that a special commissioner has been shipped into the field with a camera, whose duty it will be to make a thorough investigation with a brass band mind you of the stories that the Harriman Coast Line, is slipping into the Pacific, the result of dry rot.

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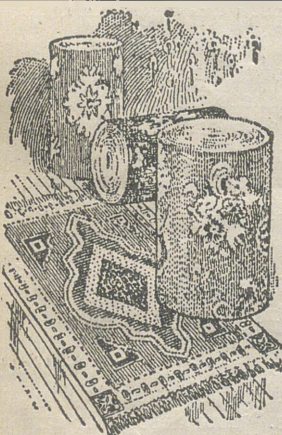
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I have known a lot of Hearst newspaper enterprise, that has produced yards upon pages of good copy. But this latest attempt to find the bad places upon the Coast Line with a special commissioner and his trusted camera, and the prey advised in advance of just what is to happen, and just where it will hit, is one of the prize humors of the age. This does not except the "Hearst relief trains" during the San Francisco earthquake, and the attempt to land the Honorable William Randolph in the White House.

Hearst-Harriman Alliance.

And writing of the White House, I wonder how many there are in Los Angeles, or anywhere else who are aware of the alliance for offence as well as defence that appears to exist, with William Randolph Hearst on one side and E. H. Harriman on the other. You may laugh in you sleeve if you will, but there are those in Los Angeles at this time who profess to have seen documents that instruct those in power on the Los Angeles *Examiner* to deal lightly with the executive head of the Southern Pacific. From the same source I am advised that at a time when certain officers of the United States located here were convinced that they had certain railway men not affiliated with the Harriman system in close quarters word came direct from Washington not to press the matter. For this reason if for no other, I doubt if suits now pending before Judge Wellborn, for alleged rebating, will ever reach a jury. Reverting, however, to the Hearst-Harriman alliance, that treaty is said to include "protection" for the head of the Southern Pacific on the slightest pretext and, where possible, where no pretext exists. For this reason one may smile in sweet content when one ponders over the ticklish job of that special commissioner to investigate the Coast Line, and his trusted camera, that may be forced to work over time.

Huntington En Route.

Henry E. Huntington should be on the way Europeward by the time these lines reach the reader. He had engaged passage from New York, June 6, but early in the week, Mr. Huntington was convinced that he could not possibly get away for another ten days. The length of his stay abroad will be indefinite. He says he is going away in order to enjoy his first real vacation in years. While absent, the head of the Huntington electric railways intends to invest in several pictures, on which he has had an eye for a long time. An auction with these several prizes as a bait, is waiting Mr. Huntington's appearance in New York City.

Sixty cents a pound, "Tea Kettle Tea."

Courthouse Politics.

A beautiful game of politics is being waged at the courthouse and elsewhere just at this time, the quarry being the supervisory seats that will be vacant in 1909. The nominations will be made next year, and the issue appears to be revolving around the proposed new highway commission. That body will be named by Supervisors Patterson, Wilson and Eldridge, the big three of the board. Supervisor George Alexander, he of the independent program, is seeking another term and the same observation applies to Supervisor Patterson, who is chairman of the board. Supervisor Wilson has not yet decided whether or not the game is worth the candle for another four years. Supervisor Patterson is anxious to place on the new \$3,000,000 highway board some one who shall give him strength

in Pasadena, which is the big end of the Patterson district. Alexander is seeking to placate Meyer Lissner and his Non-Partisan following in the new commission, and Supervisors Wilson and Eldridge are anxious to obey the behest of the regular Republican organization.

The flavor is superb, "Tea Kettle Tea"

St. Agnes's Chimes.

Something like two years ago, when the residents of West Adams street learned that Rev. Clement Molony had purchased a lot at Adams and Vermont and intended to erect a church thereon, there was a considerable outcry and no end of quiet criticism. It was argued by the objectors that a church would ruin the neighborhood; that the church was going into a non-Catholic neighborhood; that "everybody" would have to move out. Well, the church is nearing completion. It is a magnificent structure of stone and is perhaps the best example of Gothic architecture in the entire state. The objectors are mollified—some even pleased. Not only this but the wealthy residents in the neighborhood, who are almost exclusively Protestants, have "chipped in" to buy the finest chimes to be had for \$5,000. There will be nothing like these chimes in the southwest. My hat is off to the Rev. Clement Molony. He is not only a builder but a diplomat.

Stockton's Ambition

The large excursion party, under the handicap of the Stockton Chamber of Commerce, which has so thoroughly enjoyed the attrac-

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tions of Southern California, has returned home laden with a fund of new ideas. They must feel satisfied with their experiences because they got what they came for and had as they promised themselves "the time of their lives." They may now review their own situation, while comparing notes under the shade of their beautiful elms. When they have agreed to the proposition that Southern California is entitled to independent Statehood, they may look over their own part of California and observe that they have, modified by radical differences in climate and population, their Los Angeles in the city of Oakland which since the San Francisco fire, has been enjoying a "boom"; their Pasadena in Berkeley; their Hollywood in Piedmont; their Long Beach in Santa Cruz and Monterey; their Santa Ana in San Jose; their Santa Barbara in Palo Alto; their Imperial in Fresno; their mountain resorts and mines in the Sierras. Surely they have a goodly outlook and should have a pleasurable occupation in the making of themselves and Lodi, the Riverside and San Bernardino of Central California. When they have constructed electric roads to the foot hill towns, built attractive tourist hotels and opened up a Venice in the delta of the San Joaquin with Antioch as their San Pedro, they will have no cause to feel envious because Los Angeles has in the meantime brought in the waters of the Owens River and created a city of a million inhabitants and Oakland has become too big to be jealous. I purposely leave out the names of San Diego and San Francisco, because I want subject matter for the future.

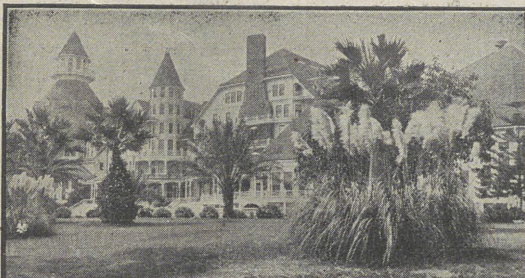
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Best Salaries In Sight.

As I am writing, a warm discussion has arisen in one of the clubs of the city, as to who is the best paid employe in the city, and I am asked to settle the matter. The subject is not one that I can determine out of hand, and at the risk of browsing in a forbidden field, I shall make a few guesses that may or may not be correct.

I am convinced that the best salary in Los Angeles is paid to J. M. Elliott, of the First National Bank, whose monthly check must be not less than \$1,250, and the second best monthly stipend probably goes to "Buzz" Graves, vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants National. Some bankers receive as low as \$300 a month I am informed. Next in line as successful salaried men are the managers of railway corporations that maintain headquarters in Los Angeles, of whom, I believe that Arthur G. Wells, of the Santa Fé, stands at the head as far as payment is concerned for services rendered. As a guess, I shall place Mr. Wells in the class of \$1,000 a month, putting R. H. Ingram, of the Southern Pacific, next in line with \$10,000 a year. Then I shall place J. Ross Clark with \$8,000 a year, as his brother's representative in the Salt Lake road, with John J. Byrne, as assistant passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fé about fourth, at \$7,500 a year. The lawyers who represent the several electric roads, are entitled to follow, not forgetting however, the heads of the several light and power companies, who, by the way, belong in the \$1,000 a month class. For fear that I may have overlooked someone, or guessed too close to home in some places, I shall drop the subject at this stage.

All good grocers sell "Tea Kettle Tea."

Earl's Ready Money.

Writing of money—what a fascinating topic it is to be sure—I am reminded that while Edwin Tobias Earl probably did borrow \$300,000 from the Jane L. Stanford estate, as was related in this column last week, Mr. Earl manages to keep in hand more ready money than any other one person in Southern California. This information comes to me from a banker of repute, who knows whereof he speaks. A few years ago it was Abbot Kinney who enjoyed the same distinction. Kinney was forced to become a heavy borrower also when he created Venice and, since that time, real money has not been altogether the spirit of his dreams. With E. Tobias Earl things are different, I am told. He loves money as the ordinary mortal loves it, for what it will buy, and particularly for the power it can command. It was because he did not care to disturb his balance in hand, that the millionaire proprietor of the *Express* went into the market for funds, and that he was able to raise such a sum as he got, speaks volumes for the credit of Los Angeles. Who, for instance, in San Francisco, could have secured the same credit just at this time?

McEnerney's Fees.

Which, of course, brings to mind the San Francisco graft prosecution and the big lawyers who have been engaged to try these cases. I wonder how many persons in Los Angeles recall that it was Garret McEnerney, of counsel for Patrick Calhoun, who represented the Church in the litigation before the Hague tribunal, when the United States of several million dollars was at stake with the Mexican Republic as the party to the second part. It was McEnerney who represented the

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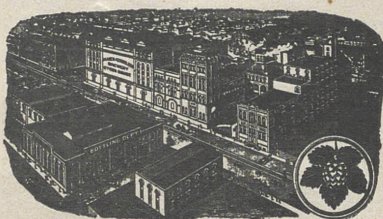
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then Los Angeles Traction Company when the legality of what is known as the freight franchise was up before the Supreme Court of the United States for adjudication. Mr. McEnerney was victorious in both instances for his clients. I doubt if he could have been persuaded to take a criminal case of lesser importance than the one he has on hand. John Garber, who is on the same side, is dean of the California bar, who might have enjoyed the highest judicial honors long ago, had his bent been in that direction, and A. A. Moore, the third of the big trio on the same side, for years has had his pick of the big corporation fees in San Francisco and Oakland. He is the father-in-law of Florence Hinckley Moore, the heiress of the Blythe millions. It is a strange coincidence that all three of those named are Democrats in politics, although none of them has ever been in active politics. I believe that years ago, Garrett McEnerney was district attorney in Sonoma or Napa county.

Once drunk, always drunk, "Tea Kettle Tea."

Holman A Visitor.

Alfred Holman, who made a hundred thousand dollars, and has it, because he was able to transform the moribund *Sacramento Record-Union* into the very lively *Sacramento Union*, and to dispose of the latter for a big price, has been in Los Angeles for several days. Mr. Holman is turning money away as editor and owner of the San Francisco *Argonaut*. He tells me that since he came to the front openly opposed to militant labor unionism, as the game is practiced and preached along San Francisco bay the conservative element is rallying to him. A few years ago Mr. Holman had a narrow escape from tying in with the *Evening Express* of this city. E. Tobias Earl was looking for a managing editor, and Holman was recommended to him. The two began a dicker that for a time looked promising to all concerned. Mr. Holman was tempted with a half ownership in what newspapermen still regard as the best prospect on the Pacific Coast if not in the world. He also was promised a salary of \$10,000 a year, if he would take hold in the local field. Just think of that—\$10,000 a year for the managing editor of a Los Angeles newspaper. Had some one mentioned the figure to Harry Chandler or H. G. Otis, say ten years ago, what a riot of language would have ensued. Mr. Holman says he thought over the matter for a considerable time, and finally declined both offers with thanks. He explained to E. Tobias Earl that he knew the game of millionaire newspaper ownership, and presumed it to mean here the same as elsewhere, that the hired man must surrender a big chunk of his self respect, in order to fill the bill; that friends and foes must be treated alike, provided the "big stick" of the "boss" so elected. Alfred Holman, being wise in his day and generation, and having been through the mill for more than twenty years, decided that he wanted none of the *Express*, and, well—there is nothing more to the story, at least, to this particular feature of it. Mr. Holman is nearly blind, and for a long time all of his literary work has been dictated. Even his reading is by proxy. He wrote an editorial in the *Argonaut* three weeks ago, on the labor situation in San Francisco, and the next day he was forced to hire a corps of extra cashiers to take in the money of approving subscribers. Such outspoken language on this particular subject never before had been heard north of Tehachapi, and it is an absolute fact, that the week after the com-

mon sense defy appeared, Mr. Holman actually turned back to donors, checks aggregating more than \$900. The money had been sent to the *Argonaut's* editor in approval of his course, so that he might continue in the course he had mapped out for himself. Mr. Holman is modest and these stories come to me at second hand, but I am informed that the *Argonaut* at this time is taking in \$10,000 a month for new subscribers and scores of persons are sending in sums as high as a hundred dollars along with a list of names to whom they desire that the paper shall be sent for a time. An uncle of Editor Holman lives in Lamanda Park, and he comes south occasionally to visit his relatives there. While in Los Angeles this week, Mr. Holman took up a study of labor conditions down this way, and we may secure the result of his observations in print at an early day.

No Amalgamation.

There is to be no amalgamation of the several electric railway properties in Southern California. M. H. Sherman and E. P. Clark profess to have matters so tied up that a local trolley trust is not possible—not at this time, even if the new Cartwright law did not prevent such a thing. This is authentic if not official.

Road Commissioners.

I congratulate the board of supervisors. Just at a time when the public that will vote the \$3,000,000 bond issue for good roads was beginning to regard the scheme with suspicion, along comes the *Express* and other newspaper knockers and seek to make a program involving the patronage in this subject. Of course the supervisors will heed the wail that has risen? I think not! Knowing the personnel of the present board, I am safe in predicting that such selections of road fund trustees as are necessary, will not be made according to the ideas of E. Tobias Earl and his fellow journalistic buttinskis.

Professionals and Amateurs.

Sometimes, says our yachting correspondent, it seems to me that the yacht club made a great mistake in admitting professional yacht builders into an amateur club. When the club was first started Joe Fellows was one of the original thirteen members. He had always been so courteous and obliging to all the yachtsmen, never too busy to lend a hand, always willing to help out in any way and conscientiously moderate in his charges for work, that he was just one "of the waterdogs" and nobody ever thought of not having him in on account of his being a professional boat-builder. But now they have Charlie Fulton, Joe's principal competitor, in the club and, when you have two men connected with yacht racing who depend for their living on the orders they obtain and, thus to a great extent on the success of the yachts they build, the true essence of amateur racing is bound to be lacking. Both Fellows and Fulton are, doubtless, good sportsmen, but the game is a living to them and not a sport. Professional jealousy is sure to arise sooner or later and may have the effect of causing much trouble in the club. *Mischief II.* is well known to be a wonder. If the *Columbine* succeeds in defeating her decisively, it will surely make great prestige for Fulton and bring him business. If *Mischief II.* hold her old place in front, Fellows will be advertised up and down the coast as the champion designer. It means money in the pockets of the man whose boat wins. This is not amateur sport and I hope to see the management of the club deprecate anything that tends to the professionalizing of the sport.

"Sporting Editors."

It is decidedly up to the daily newspapers the country over to remove the scales from the eyes of their "sporting editors." Before the recent fiasco, O'Brien, the biggest fakir of them all, was running a news bureau devoted to pugilistic "news" in which, of course, he figured largely. And real newspapers actually bought the stuff.

"This article is one of a series the champion is writing exclusively for this paper"—such was the Columbus *Citizen's* proud statement printed in connection with a double column picture of O'Brien with an electrotype announcing in heavy large letters, "Fighters I Have Fought—Jack O'Brien."

"Jack O'Brien Interviews Bill Squires for the Post" is the announcement made in letters half an inch in size extending over a width of four columns in the Chicago *Post* and there follows a long syndicate article purporting to be written by O'Brien. Another issue of the same paper contains a picture of O'Brien with downcast eyes and the announcement that he will write for it. The same article bearing a San Francisco date line appears in the Minneapolis *News* and is accompanied by four large cuts, three of which are of O'Brien and one double column cut five inches deep representing him in the act of clasping hands with the Australian pugilist, and beneath it in capital letters this inscription: "Jack O'Brien Welcoming Squires to America on Behalf of the Minneapolis Daily News."

Even the staid old Brooklyn *Citizen* "fell" for O'Brien and beginning the last week in April it began publishing his series of articles concerning "fighters" he had "met." What an ocean of delightful irony was hidden in the word "met!"

The San Antonio *Gazette* solemnly announced in a three column wide headline "O'Brien Pleased With the Way Australian Sizes Up," referring to his meeting with Squires.

Perhaps the illustrated article containing

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the most real humor that O'Brien's press bureau sold to the gullible newspapers with "sporting" departments, was one presenting pictures of himself, Tom McCarey and Jim Jeffries. This article and the accompanying picture was decidedly popular with the "sporting" editors. The Memphis *Press*, for instance, headed the article in type black as hades "Three Champions," and proudly stated in appropriate black letters: "Tom McCarey, the man in the middle, has just proposed signing up his two friends, Jim Jeffries and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien when the camera man snapped."

Here is a partial list of the newspapers that were giving publicity to the alleged writings of this prince of pugilistic grafters: Superior (Wis.) *Telegram*; Des Moines *Daily News*; Indianapolis *Sun*; Pittsburg *Press*; Scranton (Pa.) *Times*; Bridgeport (Conn.) *Post*; Milwaukee *Journal*; Dallas *Dispatch*; Danville (Ill.) *Commercial-News*; Terre Haute (Ind.) *News*; Toledo (O.) *News-Bee*; Omaha *News*; Springfield (Ill.) *Journal*; Detroit *News*; Los Angeles *Record*; Fresno (Cal.) *Tribune*; San Diego (Cal.) *San Diegan Sun*; Fort Wayne (Ind.) *News*; Schenectady (N. Y.) *Union*; Grand Rapids (Mich.) *Press*; Terre Haute (Ind.) *Post*; Birmingham (Ala.) *Ledger*; Wilkes Barre (Pa.) *Leader*.

Good Gracious!

Some people think me prejudiced against Charles F. Lummis, public librarian. So that there may be no misunderstanding I quote the following from the *Times*, which is friendly to him:

WASHINGTON, June 4.—(Exclusive Dispatch.)

Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, called on President Roosevelt today. In the White House column of the Washington *Star* the following appeared this evening:

"Charles F. Lummis, the author, of the Southwest in general and Los Angeles in particular, was one of the President's callers today. Mr. Lummis was arrayed in a tasteful costume of green corduroy, with gold pins in the corners of his collar and a red and green sash around his waist. He had a heavy silver bracelet of Navajo workmanship on his wrist, and wore a big sombrero with a leather band. Questioned in confidence as to why he had sprung this rather obvious costume in Washington, Mr. Lummis declared that he was not indulging in anything new; Washington was not used to his costumes.

"He said he had adopted corduroy something over twenty years ago in the West. It was a thing that would not wear out, and that one could slide down a mountain in them without having to crawl out of town afterward for the sake of propriety and the police regulations. He asserted that he did not particularly enjoy being conspicuous, but that the costume was good enough for his home town and, as he did not change his complexion when he came to Washington, he did not see any reason for changing his clothes."

Mr. Lummis said he was seeing the President because Mr. Roosevelt is one of the honorary members of the Archeological Society and the Southwestern branch, with headquarters at Los Angeles, which will put up what will be one of the finest museums in the world. "For his sins," as Mr. Lummis put it, he is librarian of Los Angeles, and he has been attending a meeting of the Librarians' Association down at Asheville."

And that is the picturesque ass who is abroad in the land as a representative of Los Angeles. Good Lord!

Pomona's County.

The campaign for the creation of a new county, to be formed of that part of Los Angeles county east of the San Gabriel River and of a part of San Bernardino county, has been formally launched. Pomona is to be the county seat of the proposed county. I wish the Pomonans well in this ambition. The lines drawn for the new county are eminently fair—and as E. C. Bichowsky, a leading citizen and president of Pomona's Board of

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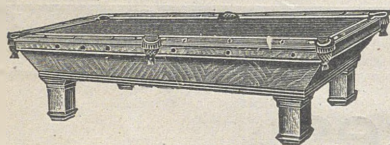
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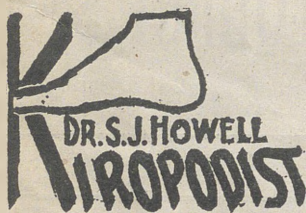
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Trade once said to me, it will be the handiest and most compact county in the entire south. The county expenses will not be large. Inasmuch as the portion of the Los Angeles county which is to go with Pomona is not within the proposed lines of the city and county of Los Angeles it is eminently fair that these people should take steps to go by themselves. The projectors of the county will probably have everything in shape by fall.

Mushet Is Right.

City Auditor Mushet has done right in holding up the salary warrants of the deputies of the district attorney who are acting as prosecuting attorneys in the city police courts. When Broughton's law was passed placing the city prosecuting attorneys under charge of the county district attorney, I called attention to its injustice. It was a "push" measure pure and simple. I believe that Mr. Mushet's position is well taken; that it is not within the province of a county official to appoint deputies to be paid by the city and that when the law of Broughton's is tested in the courts it will be declared to be unconstitutional.

Drown, Hail!

Congratulations to Clarence Drown. He has been promoted to be assistant general manager of the Orpheum Circuit Company and he succeeds Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., as ruling spirit of the western circuit. The houses which come under Mr. Drown's supervision are; Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salt Lake, Denver, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City and New Orleans and in addition to these the new houses in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Vancouver, Butte and Duluth. In other words, the management of affairs west of the Mississippi devolves upon him. Mr. Meyerfeld intends to rest. He has been most active for ten years and his health is not the best. Mr. Drown intends to retain his headquarters in Los Angeles.

Moving.

My friends of the Democratic Club are to move back into the Germain building. The Club is on Broadway but that thoroughfare is neither a "night street" nor is it sufficiently democratic for the terrified. I always knew that the club would feel in uncongenial premises in the Trustee building. Carpets in which your feet sink an inch or two, and trimmings to match are not the proper caper. The club prospered, when in the old Spring street quarters and will prosper some more under Mr. Germain's roof. It is essential that a political club should be on a "night street."

Mills.

A correspondent takes exception to the estimate of the character of the late William H. Mills published last week. Inasmuch as the articles from which my correspondent disagrees were written by two personal friends of Mr. Mills who had had better opportunities to weigh and test his character than I ever had, I deemed it best to let their articles appear as the true value of Mr. Mills's services in the development of California. I knew Mr. Mills personally and with many others disliked him cordially. He could be about as brutal in his expressions as any man I have ever met; and his evident opinion of newspaper writers was that they were under the dominion of the Central and Southern Pacific railroads, represented in turn by William H. Mills. To this plank in Mr. Mills's platform I refused to subscribe—and would refuse today were he alive. The result was that in ten years of

active newspaper life in San Francisco, I avoided meeting Mills whenever possible. Yet I recognized and still admit that his ideas about the development of the state were sound and still are as sound as a nut. An outgrowth of the overbearing, dictatorial, the-public-bed—d era of Stanford, Stow and Gage, he probably couldn't have been any different in his relations with newspaper men whose business involved meeting him and talking with him. Mills was at his best co-operating with such bodies as the State Board of Trade and our own Chamber of Commerce. He saw a splendid future for California and sought to lessen the time of the growth of things. But without the slightest warrant, he could be unconscionably and pettifoggingly mean. The language of sarcasm, of bitterness, of smallness, were not strange to him.

Tanis.

Miss Hilda Gilbert and Mr. Hobart Bosworth will give a literary matinee at the Belasco theater on Tuesday, June 18. The play to be presented is a dramatization of Amelié Rives's novel, *Tanis; the Sang Digger*. The work was dramatized by Dr. C. William Bachman, of this city, and the presentation at the Belasco will be the first on any stage. Several prominent club and society women have become interested in the work and will act as patronesses.

For Tom Karl.

Tom Karl, the manager of The Californians, is to be given a send-off by his brother Knights of Columbus next Friday evening. All arrangements have been made by which the members of the local council and their ladies will attend the performance of *Pinafore* in a body. Mr. Karl is a devoted member of the Catholic church and this action of the Knights is highly appreciated.

Stamp Signatures.

There is a howl at the City Hall over the abolition of the use of the red rubber stamp signatures to warrants on the city treasury. To end the use of these stamps is objected to on the ground that it will take "too much time" for the necessary signatures to be made by hand. The object of returning to penmanship is to make sure that the demands and bills are properly viséd. If the honorable gentlemen at the City Hall haven't time to write their names, they should be compelled to make



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time. This matter of writing a signature with pen and ink inevitably recalls a story of General Charles C. Walcutt, of Columbus, O. General Walcutt was a fine soldier, who achieved a splendid reputation as commander of one of the divisions of Sherman's army around Atlanta and in the later campaign to the sea and northward. After the civil war he was offered a lieutenant-colonelcy in the regular army but declined. Years afterward he was appointed pension agent at Columbus, which was then the largest pension distributing office in the United States. When General Walcutt was first appointed his signature read "Charles C. Walcutt" in fine large round letters. Very soon it read "C. C. W. and a scratch of the pen." The government required him to sign his name about 46,000 times every

three months using pen and ink. No rubber stamps "went." It was a hardship, for General Walcutt did little else than sign his name, but it was eminently proper.

Siegel-Peters.

The quaint Church of the Angels was a bower of June blossoms and ferns last Wednesday, when Miss Hazel Siegel became the bride of Mr. Albert Ayers Peters. Miss Siegel, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Siegel, 717 Westlake avenue; was attired in an empire gown of white Irish crochet, and wore a long tulle veil. Miss Susanne Siegel, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Miss Ethel Siegel was bridesmaid. After a short wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Peters will be at home at Oneonta Park.

American Humorists

BY MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN
III.

While as an irrepressibly funny writer Bill Nye ranks next to Artemus Ward in general estimation the most famous of all is "Mark Twain"; for go where you will in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, the name of Mark Twain is generally better known than even that of General Grant. In Palestine, at the Pyramids, and away up the Nile, the dragomen and donkeyboys all talk of Mark Twain and donkeys are named after him all over Egypt, Algeria and the Holy Land. Samuel Clemens (for this was his original name) was born at Florida, Missouri, on the 20th of November, 1835. When thirteen years of age he was placed as apprentice with a printer at Hannibal, and in due time worked at his trade in St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York City. In 1855 he assumed the position of pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. Six years later he acted as private secretary to his brother, Secretary of the (then) Terri-

tory of Nevada. After this he tried mining for awhile and in 1862 became city editor of a paper published at Virginia City, Nevada. His next move was to San Francisco where he acted as a reporter on the *Call*. His well-known visit to the Hawaiian Islands was made in 1866. After spending a few months there he returned to San Francisco and began to lecture in public. With the summer of 1867 came his trip to Egypt and the Holy Land, which he made in company with a large party starting on the *Quaker City*. These countries of the eastern Mediterranean presented food for humorous observation of which he made abundant use in his *The Innocents Abroad*, which had a tremendous sale but which would not have been permitted in 100 families in America had it been written twenty-five years before.

Much of Mark Twain's writings is exceedingly original and funny but the most of his latter-day productions are either forced or is old stuff worked over. His *Jumping Frog of Calaveras*, which added greatly to his early reputation as a humorist, was a clear case of larceny; it was written years before Mark Twain was born, and under its original name, *The Jumping Frog of Arkansas*, was doing service as a flat-boat and steamboat deck yarn nearly half a century before this humorist took his first lesson as a "cub pilot" on the Mississippi River; and *Colonel Sellers*, the central figure of his *Gilded Age* was from an English comedy. But he has told many a side-splitting story, although most of his productions for the past twenty-five years are chestnuttty and tiresome. Personally, since his success in *Innocents Abroad* he has never been popular with those who knew him when as some humorist has expressed it, "he did not have to use a shoe-horn to get on his hat." At his best, however, he possessed none of the genial companionable ways of Ward, Nye, Field, Locke, Billings, Sweet, Harris, Smalls, Roberts, Bailey, Burdette and others.

There was an ease and facility of expression about Bill Nye that made him the favorite humorist of his day. There was the true western smack, too, that was everywhere acceptable, and less of what I would term the "formula" unmistakably betrayed by Clemens, Huntley and Burdette. This genius was born in Maine, but when an infant, his parents moved to the west, and he never got east of the Mississippi for thirty years. He was raised at River Falls, Wis. He studied law and then moved further west, stopping at Laramie, where he hung out his sign. His business not consuming all his time, he occupied a part

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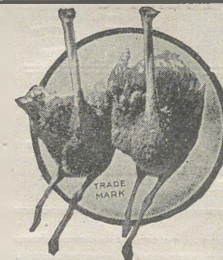
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of it in writing for the local papers. His articles, by their originality and humor, so pleased the editor of the *Denver Tribune* that he engaged Nye to write a weekly letter upon any subject he chose. This was Nye's formal entry into journalism. In March, 1881, he founded the *Daily Boomerang*, named after a favorite mule which had died in his service. Both the paper and its editor soon became famous, and the paper became so universally popular that it was soon sent to all parts of the civilized world. In politics he was a thoroughly dyed Republican. Though not an office-seeker, he was somehow always an office-holder; having been a member of the Territorial Legislature, Justice of the Peace, and postmaster of Laramie.

Nye turned out hundreds of columns of such stuff as follows, which was "syndicated" or copied very largely throughout the United States:

"Laramie has a seal-brown goat with iron-grey chin whiskers and a breath like new-mown hay.

"He has not has as hard a winter as the majority of stock on the Rocky Mountains because he is of a domestic turn of mind and tries to make man his friend. Though social in his nature he never intrudes himself on people after they have intimated with a shotgun that they are weary of him.

"When the world seems cold and dark to him and everybody turns coldly away from him he does not steal away by himself and die of corroding grief. He just lies down on the sidewalk in the sun and fills the air with the seductive fragrance of which he is the sole proprietor.

"One day, just after he had eaten his mid-day meal of boot heels and cold sliced atmosphere and kerosene barrel staves he saw a man going along the street with a large looking-glass under his arm. The goat watched the man and saw him set the mirror down by a gate and go inside the house after some more things that he was moving. Then the goat stammered with his tail a few times and went up to see if he could eat the mirror. When he got pretty close to it he saw a hungry-looking goat apparently coming toward him, so he backed off a few yards and went for him. There was a loud crash and when the man came out he saw a full length portrait of a goat, with a heavy black walnut frame around it, going down the street with a great deal of apparent relish. Then the man said something derogatory about the goat and seemed offended about something.

"Goats are not timid in their nature and are easily domesticated.

"There are two kinds of goats—the cashmere goat and the plain goat. The former is worked up into cashmere shawls and cashmere bouquet. The latter is not.

"The cashmere bouquet of commerce is not made of the common goat, It is a good thing that it is not.

"A goat that has always been treated with uniform kindness and never betrayed may be taught to eat out of the hand. And also out of the flour-barrel or the ice-cream freezer."

As a sample of Nye's highly mirthful manner, the autumn thoughts on the solemn hush of nature entitled, *The Dying Year*, is presented. In all the humorous writings of Nye, Twain, Ward, Kerr and Ten Eyck White, no more exquisite delineation of "from the sublime to the ridiculous" has ever been approached:

"There can be nothing sadder than the solemn hush of nature that precedes the death of the year. The golden glory of Autumn, with the billowy bronze and velvet azure of the skies above the royal robes of oak and maple, bespeak the closing hour of nature's

teeming life and the silent farewell to humanity's gauze underwear.

"Thus while nature dons her regal robes of scarlet and gold in honor of the farewell benefit to Autumn, the sad-eyed poet steals swiftly away to the neighboring clothes-line, and in honor to nature's grand blow-out dons the flaming flannels of his friend out of respect for the hectic flush of the dying year.

"Leaves have their time to fall, and so has the price of coal. And yet how sadly at variance with decaying nature is the robust coal market.

"Another glorious summer with its wealth of pleasant memories is stored away among the archives of our history. Another gloomy Winter is upon us. These wonderful colors that flame across the softened sky of Indian Summer like the gory banner of a royal conqueror, come but to warn us that in a few short weeks the water pipe will be busted in the kitchen and the decorated wash bowl will be broken.

"We flit through the dreamy hours of summer like swift-winged bumble bees amid the honeysuckle and pumpkin blossoms, storing away perhaps little glucose honey and buckwheat pancakes for the future, but all at once, like a newspaper thief in the night, the king of frost and ripe, mellow chilblains are upon us, and we crouch beneath the wintry blast and hump our spinal column up into the crisp air like a Texas steer that has thoughtlessly swallowed a cactus.

"Life is one continued round of alternate joys and sorrows. Today we are on the top wave of prosperity and warming ourselves in the glad sunlight of plenty, and tomorrow we are cast down and depressed financially, and have to stand off the washer woman for our clean shirt or stay at home from the opera.

"The October sky already frowns upon us, and its frozen tears begin to fall. The little birds have hushed their little lay. So has the fatigued hen. Only a little while and the yawning chasm in the cold, calm features of Thanksgiving turkey will be filled with voluptuous stuffing and then sewed up. The florid features of the polygamous gobbler will be wrapped in sadness, and cranberry pie will be a burden, for the veal cutlet goeth to its long home, and the ice cream freezer is broken in the wood-house.

"Oh, Time! thou bald-headed pelican with the venerable corn-cutter and the second-hand hour-glass, thou playeth strange pranks upon the children of men, No one would think to look at thy bilious countenance and store teeth that in thy bony bosom lurked such eccentric schemes.

"The chubby boy, whose danger signal hangs sadly through the lattice work of his pants and knows that Time waits for no man, will one day, if he struggles heroically on, give him knowledge and suspenders, and a solid girl, and experience and a soft white mustache, and eventually a low grave in the valley beneath the sighing elms and the weeping willows, where, in the misty twilight of the year, noiselessly upon his breast shall fall the dead leaf, while the silent tear of the gray autumnal sky will come and sink into the yellow grass above his head."

(To be continued.)

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Our International Yachting

By STINSON JARVIS

Even in darkest New York and Cimmerian Boston the natives are keeping track of the Pacific Coast yachting, because the ditch will soon be dug and the time is not far off when the hardest fighters New York will have to meet will not be English but the boats we-uns will send in the good old way to collect bullion off Sandy Hook. It didn't take Southern California seventy years to get a yachting reputation. We blossomed out like Venus all ready-made in one day, so to speak. That, to be precise, was at 12:05 p.m. of June 11 of last year, when the first racing fleet was started from the port of Los Angeles for Honolulu. For the first international Pacific yacht race, Canada, San Francisco, Hawaii, Colorado Springs and Los Angeles made entry, and although earthquake and fire knocked out the San Francisco contingent, the 2,500 mile dash from here to Diamond Head was pretty good for a starter. It incidentally announced that Los Angeles had assumed the *toga virilis* and had entered the lists to stay—the war paint being tattooed in.

Los Angeles does not mean lose angels. The words refer to superior beings which fly far and are highly gilded. There is money to burn in Southern California, and it must be admitted that yachting needs a good of this inflammable substance. This is brought home in the fact that there will be at least fourteen entries for the next cup race to the Hawaiian Islands. This will exceed by three the largest entry ever made for a trans-oceanic race—the 1905 hustle from the Hook to Land's End for the Emperor's cup. The international character of the next gathering will be sustained by at least one entry from Canada. This will be the schooner *Maple Leaf*, owned by Alexander MacLaren, of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, in British Columbia. She will have to come a long way for the start, but not so far as the *Kamehameha*, of the Hawaii Yacht Club, which, by beating and all, will travel as much as the width of the Atlantic merely to get into the contest. From the same quarter came last year the schooner *La Paloma* (*Dove*) which first called at San Francisco and thus sailed 3,500 miles to the start at San Pedro. She probably sailed further than any other yacht to enter a race, if we except the English yacht *Anemone*, which was bought at New York by Charles L. Tutt, of the New York Yacht Club, and hurried round the Horn on a trip of 14,000 miles, which she ended just in time to take part in the first Pacific race.

Mr. Tutt has his headquarters at Colorado Springs, and the name of the *Anemone's* hailing port is carved on her stern as Denver. I don't know what water there is at the port of Denver except fizzy water, and the only home the owner needs in the largest part of the year is in this auxiliary ketch, which has just returned from the Gulf of California and will now cruise to Alaska. In last year's contest the *Anemone* sailed with her propeller stowed below, and she will join in the next Honolulu race in the same rig and conditions. At her length, 115 feet, she is smaller than some of the trans-Atlantic competitors and about the same size as three of the others. Before being bought in England, where she was built by Camper & Nicholsons, she sailed to Australia and back, and as a wholesome cruiser is a valued addition to the local fleets. Another important vessel which will enter is the new schooner for Frank A. Garbutt, of this city; and she requires some mention as being the only yacht which has been designed for high

speed under both sail and auxiliary power. Other combination yachts are either sailers with a small helping engine power, or fast power vessels with a sort of imitation sail plan. When the canvasses are stowed, Garbutt expects to go something like eighteen miles an hour, and if the designer's intentions materialize for the sailing ability there will be a good chance for the ocean race—the water line of the new boat being ten feet longer than the *Lurline's*. Mr. Garbutt is an all-round athlete who is at the head of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and for some time held the world's automobile record with an engine of his own design. He has also invented a slippery substance for racing yachts' keels which from local tests seems to add at least one mile in twenty to a racer's ordinary speed. The engine to shove the new schooner is of 300 horse power, and is built on his own design. For canvas racing the boat will have a full schooner outfit, but topmasts will not be carried in the family cruising.

Four yachts will enter from Seattle, one of them the schooner *Bonita*, which is rather short on the waterline for the race to the land of the Kanakas; and the *Tramontana*, formerly of San Francisco. A new yawl and a schooner not yet named will also come from Seattle. San Francisco will enter three; the schooner *Haniffy*; the *Jessie* and the sloop *Nixie*. The Catalina Yacht Club, of Avalon, in the island of Catalina, will be represented by one schooner, not yet finished. Los Angeles puts in three boats, the new ketch now being finished for Frederick Dorr, the Garbutt two-sticker, and the schooner *Lurline*, owned by H. H. Sinclair, formerly a yachtsman of New York.

Although the above fourteen yachts are regarded as certainties, there are many others which are large enough and fast enough to have a good chance in the long race's variation of luck. Mr. Storey's new schooner *Chipsa* and the *Lady Ada* may come from San Francisco. Douglas White, a Los Angeles amateur of ability has the schooner *Ramona*, which knows the Sandwich Islands well. Captain Bell's auxiliary schooner *Aloha* is a probable entry for fun, though without much chance against the longer waterlines. William Bayly, of this city, and also of the New York Yacht Club, has a cruising 65 footer which is fast for her length. This auxiliary ketch, *Evian*, was bought in New York and brought around the Horn on the deck of a large steamer. Mr. Bayly entertains handsomely and it is hoped that his general interest in the sport will induce him to take a personal part. In this case he would not be the only one to enter for the sake of having a fast and enjoyable cruise, apart from the strong hope of victory. On the same grounds the Canadian yawl *Ariadne* may come down from Victoria with the *Maple Leaf*, and the joining of the Canadian yachts is heartily desired by all for the making of new and permanent history. F. W. Hobron, of the Honolulu Yacht Club, says he will not be surprised to find the two nations combining to put as many as eighteen yachts in the racing fleet. Owing to the number being so large, there will probably be one large trophy for first prize, with a second, third, and fourth to make it interesting for many.

In a contest of this length the course taken by the navigator counts for much. In last year's race Captain Henry Lindeberg, who sailed the *Anemone* from New York, took the shortest course from the start off San Pedro

to the finish at Diamond Head. When well off shore he had following winds nearly all the way and carried his spinnaker a large part of the time. Captain Sinclair squared away at once and took the schooner *Lurline* several hundred miles to the south before laying for Honolulu. This brought the prevailing wind more abeam, which was advantageous for the schooner rig, enabling her to work her full area. Although the *Anemone* sailed about 130 miles less than the *Lurline* she came in nearly a whole day behind her.

As these conditions seem to be regarded as prevalent in the summer passage to Hawaii, it is possible that there will be a general division of the next racing fleet—those which are thought to make their best work under spinnakers and balloons seeking to save the best part of a day's run by taking the short course, (and this may include some of the cutters, ketches, sloops and yawls,) while the schooners or some of them, way elect to first go southward, so as to hold the weight of the wind for the long part of the passage. Opinion seems to be divided on this point. A much-under-canvassed cruiser like the *Anemone* had her only hope of beating the schooner *Lurline* in really hard winds, and on no point of sailing was a match for her in light weather. Some say that the ability of the *Lurline* to go a long way off the shortest course and still win by a large margin was a good proof of what she could afford to do with the *Anemone*, but not a final proof of the best racing course to take against a really fast single-sticker or yawl. The general rule that in light winds the boat which holds the weight of the wind has an advantage over another whose leeward course reduces the power of the wind on her has here to be considered; but the logs of both these boats show that they did not always get the wind from the same quarter, and the fact that the *Anemone* lost considerably through smashing her spinnaker boom shows that she had a good deal of wind from the quarter in which she wanted it.

Time allowance in the next race will be the same as before, namely, half an hour for every foot of racing length. The first proposal for the last race was one hour for each foot of racing length. But it was shown that on the same terms in the Emperor's cup race the *Fleur-de-Lys* would have taken the prize from the *Atlantic*, on an allowance of 64.5 hours, by ten hours and thirty-three minutes—and this notwithstanding the fact that she arrived two days, five hours and thirty-two minutes behind the *Atlantic*. This *reductio ad absurdum* of the one hour proposal was cleverly worked out by Mr. Sinclair, of the *Lurline*, and the half hour arrangement subsequently agreed to has given satisfaction to all, and is here commended for trial in long Atlantic races.

It requires no hereditary gift of prophecy to state that weather conditions alone will eventually give the Pacific the preference for enjoyable summer cruising. When all the world has had its say about bravery, high spirit and endurance, there is nobody living who prefers his cruising to be done with the seas on deck, the boats and the crews swept off, and the helmsmen steering in the slings with nothing but a rope between them and the demnition bow-wows. On board the *Fleur-de-Lys*, Dr. Lewis Stimson and Miss Candace Stimson knew all about the icebergs, the disabled men, the smashed boats and the weather that allowed none on deck but those who

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steered. Those who were on the *Hildegard* in the same Atlantic race remember that the decks of that big boat were swept from end to end for nearly three days. Ralph N. Ellis and Royal Phelps Carroll were yachtsmen clean through, but they did not care for being hove to for eighteen hours on the big *Apache*. If he is still alive, Ernest Staples, of the New York Yacht Club, has not forgotten the loss of five men from the decks of the *Fleetwing* in the great 1866 race across for \$90,000. But in the summer sailing on the Pacific there is none of this trouble for a boat staunchly built

and with a good side out of water. Millionaires have already become aware of the fact that the summer yachting on the Pacific is not only perfect in scenery, atmosphere, winds and seas, but it is also shorn of those dangers which nobody really wants, in spite of their great charm as newspaper copy. These moneyed men could as easily have their summer yachting on the Atlantic coast as on the Pacific, but they have tried both and they know when they get what they want. The locality of the millionaire cruising will inevitably be changed in early coming years.

The Teacher Taught

It must be far more amusing to be a child nowadays than it used to be. Unfortunately, this is a reflection which can only be made by those for whom the days of childhood are in the far retrospect: the others have not the data for comparison. Of course it is the habit of all who are adults to inform the modern child that his is the only age which pure happiness is known. But if we have the rare gift of looking back with a sufficiently clear vision to reconstruct our own past, it is a little doubtful whether we shall find it to possess all the delights which we claim for it; and when see it reconstructed by those who have the gift interpreting for us that state which we have left so far behind—let us say, for example, Dickens—we do not an image which is all joy. The chief of the troubles were associated with lessons. The system of education, or its lack of system, was the cause of most of them. It would not be far wide of the truth to say that Dickens himself never drew a picture of more true pathos contained in a single illuminating sentence where the great Dr. Blimber, having taken a glass of port-wine and "hemmed" twice or thrice, said: "It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder, that the Romans—at the mention of this terrible people, their implacable enemies every young gentleman fastened his gaze upon the Doctor with an assumption of the deepest interest." Dickens was a caricaturist; but he never stayed far from truth in his caricature, however he may have wandered in his sentiment. The egregious Dr. Blimber was no fancy portrait of an individual: he was an incarnate, and not very uncommon, type. The sensations of the young gentleman of his establishment on hearing the very name of the Romans can be recognized and appreciated as closely akin to the personal sensations or emotions which this classic name aroused in the schooldays of very many of us who have left those days far enough behind to perceive them in just perspective. In spite of the distance of time, we can still seem to feel the chill effect. The point of this frightful indictment of the typical educational system of the past is that the character and the exploits of these "implacable enemies" of boyhood were just such as should have stirred a boy's heart to the most eager glow of interest and admiration. The materials of which classic history is composed—the stories of the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Æneid—are the very stuff of which the most beautiful dreams of the young male human creature are composed. It is only the portentous manner in which they were presented to him by pedagogues of the Blimber type that could ever turn them into nightmares. We are able to see now, having left our Dr. Blimbers, with other better things, in the dim and kindly distance, that these Greeks and Romans were not only real people, talking a language which actually meant something and was not invented solely for

our torment; but that they were in truth the most delightful savages; that they went about killing, raiding, robbing, doing everything that is most congenial to the mind of boyhood; that they were living, as the savages live, in the primitive, unspoiled, boyish age of humanity.

The further reason why Dr. Blimber, probably as well meaning a person as most men, thus converted those who should have been boyhood's closest friends into "implacable enemies" was that he lacked, as conspicuously as his great creator possessed it, the faculty of putting himself into another's place. He never realized for a moment, or in the slightest degree, the necessity for doing so—that was his misfortune, and the cause of his being a misfortune to many others. If it had occurred to him to consider the performances of the Romans from the point of view of those whom he was trying to instruct, instead of viewing them purely from his own, it is likely that he would have addressed himself to the task somewhat differently. This is, in fact, the great change for the better which has come over modern ideas of education; that the effort of the teacher—that is to say, of the teacher who is acquainted with all the latest theories—is to see eye to eye with the child in every

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detail, to regard the problem through his spectacles. It is not easy of accomplishment. It is quite difficult enough to be interesting; the effort must make the education of the child very much more agreeable to the modern teacher than it can have been to the portentous Dr. Blimber, and it must contain the elements of the most fascinating science in the world—the knowledge, namely, of the mind of a child, which is, of course, the mind of man in the making. One of the very first points which “jumps to the eye” when the effort is made to regard the acquirement of knowledge from the standpoint of a child is that it is very difficult, perhaps it may be said to be impossible, for the facts of a subject or the details of a problem to be grasped unless the interest has been first aroused. Attention should be involuntarily attracted in the first instance. If we require a reason why this should be, the biologists, as well as the psychologists, will be quite ready to furnish us with one; but this is a subject too recondite to enter upon here. All the modern theory (and certainly in this at least it is right) is to amuse the child into learning its lessons—we had almost said to “cheat” it into learning. The idea of combining amusement with instruction, or rather, instruction by means of amusement is as opposed as possible to all the educational theories, if they can be said to have possessed any, of the pedagogues of the old school. If they had a theory at all, it was that the nastier the dose, the better for the patient. It is a great step gained that we have changed all that.

This new idea of education is most readily suggested to the popular mind by the word “Kindergarten”; but of this, as of many things,

the idea of the popular mind, although in the main accurate, is vague. That vague idea is that the children at the “Kindergarten” are encouraged to make pictures and models of animals, and thereby to learn that a bird has wings or an elephant a trunk. As an excellent Philistine of our acquaintance, who had not given much serious thought, perhaps, to education, either personally or for others, remarked; “Kindergarten?—oh, I know—jolly good idea—teach the children all about a frog by making ‘em play at leap-frog. Wonderful fellow, the Kaiser—his own idea entirely.” Such, or nearly such, is the general condition on the subject. Very few, even those who are

more fully enlightened, realise on what a thoroughly scientific basis the system rests. We have before us as we write two little books, the first and second of a series on which the worst criticism that we have is that they bear the singularly misleading title of “Nature Studies.” At the first, this seems to breathe the spirit which inspired Richard Jefferies and inspires an ever-increasing body of disciples. Their contents, however, are entirely different. They consist of an explanation of the methods and principles of such schools of education as are associated with the names of Froebel and Herbart, primarily, and also serve serve as handbooks for the instruction of children in accordance with the system. The subjects for the lessons selected are such as are most likely to attract the child’s mind,—flowers, birds, fairy-tales. It is suggested that certain flowers and certain birds are associated with certain seasons of the year, and at these seasons, accordingly, it is appropriate that such birds and flowers should be discussed,—the swallow, for instance, in summer, the robin in winter. Thus the child will readily place each in its proper environment. The faculty of observation and a disposition to draw inferences are to be fostered by such questions as why the swallow flies with its mouth open. A large portion of the book is occupied with analyses of one or other of the familiar fairy-tales, such as the terrific story of “Little Red Riding Hood,” apparently deemed not too alarming in its influence on the childish mind, and many more. The various steps or stages in the lessons, whether the subject be a natural object, such as a bird or flower, or a fairy-tale, are five:—(1) Preparation, in which the aim of the lesson is explained (2) presentation, or laying the subject before the child; (3) association, giving the child some idea of the relationship between the subjects of the lesson and new subjects; (4) formulation or generalisation; (5) application, in the way of making the pupil write something or draw something which the lesson has suggested in order to deepen its impression on him. The analysis of the Red Riding Hood story is headed with the “Central Idea: Obedience to Parents.” The five steps aforesaid are thus developed:—“Step I. Analysis of Children’s Ideas. Step II. (a) Red Riding Hood and her Mother; (b) The Walk Through the Wood; (c) The Grandmother’s Cottage; (d) Red Riding Hood and the Wolf; (e) The Woodman. Step III. Compare the Mother’s directions with the way Red Riding Hood carried them out. Step IV. ‘Children obey your parents.’ Step V. Word-building; Language; Memory drawing.” This sounds in cold blood astonishingly stilted and pedantic but we do not doubt that in spite of this it will appeal to the children. No one who knows anything of children can have failed to notice their intense interest in, nay, love of, what is didactic. They love not only a moral, but like to see it analysed down to the bare bone.

This brief statement may serve to give an idea in the way of which one of the most difficult of all human problems, the education of the children, is faced by the methods of this system, and it is evident how very different it is from the manner in which it was regarded by Dr. Blimber. The problem can hardly have presented itself to him at all. Doubtless, poor man, he had his troubles, but the cause of the troubles gave him no thought whatever; it was obvious—the innate and sinful stupidity of his scholars. It would need a brain very different from that of a Blimber to entertain a proposition so appalling as that any lack of intelligence on his own part could be in any way a reason of the trouble.—*The Spectator*.

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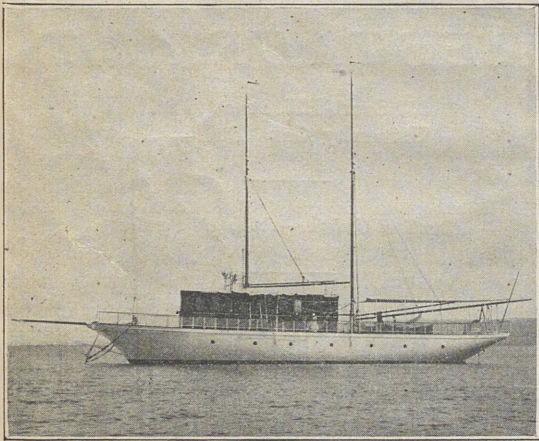
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Deborah's Diary

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dillon announce the engagement of their daughter Nannie to Mr. Daniel Garfield Grant. Miss Dillon is the daughter of pioneer residents of Los Angeles the Dillon family having taken a prominent part in the development of the South for many years. Mr. Grant is the son of the late A. A. Grant, of Albuquerque, N. M., and is locally widely known and respected. The wedding will be solemnized on Wednesday, June 12, at St. Vibiana's Cathedral. It will be a very quiet wedding no invitations having been issued.

Ebell Election.

Mrs. Philip Gengembre Hubert was re-elected president of the Ebell Club last Monday at a very quiet meeting. There was little contesting for office, Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle being re-elected treasurer and Mrs. William L. Jones general curator. Other officers elected were: Mrs. J. W. Hole, first vice-president, Mrs. E. C. Dieter second vice-president, Mrs. C. D. Boothe third vice-president, Mrs. George W. Kress recording secretary, Mrs. S. S. Wilder corresponding secretary and Mrs. J. B. Millard and Mrs. Augustus Hine directors.

O'Neal-Emerson

Willis George Emerson author, speculator, real estate operator and man of the world, has joined the ranks of the married men. The bride was Miss Bonnie O'Neal, of 1708 West Twenty-fourth street. The wedding was solemnized last Wednesday by the Rev. Dr. Robert McIntyre and Mr. and Mrs. Emerson are now away on their honeymoon. Mr. Emerson is a many sided man. Los Angeles knows him best as a real estate operator, but his hobby is writing and at this he has achieved marked success. His latest book, *The Builders* has had a wide sale. As vice-chairman of the National Speaker's Committee he had a wide influence in the presidential campaign of 1900; and millions of copies of one document written by him, were

used in that campaign. Mrs. Emerson comes from a fine Kentucky family and has been a resident of Los Angeles only about a year.

Blades-Hervey.

William Rhoades Hervey has surprised every friend he has in town, by getting married. The bride was Mrs. Browning Blades and after the ceremony the pair left for a trip. Mr. Hervey has a wide circle of friends. He is a thirty-third degree Mason and a member of the California Club.

An Auto trip to Coronado appears to be the thing this spring. Daily arrivals at Coronado report the inside track from Los Angeles to Coronado in good condition and the entire trip a pleasant one. Saturday of this week five or six Autos in one party expect to start from here. Unless a person has been over this trip, he little knows of the beauty of scenery along the way. Some parties go by the way of Riverside, some do not go quite so far East, but go via Corona, but either route goes through Elsinore and Temecula, then either via Pala Mission or Fallbrook. Some select going one way and returning the other. The objective point of all these parties is the Hotel del Coronado where the low summer rates are now in force.

From Coronado, side trips are made to Mexico, Lakeside, Point Loma and many other interesting points.

Autoists are quite enthusiastic over the Coronado trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Tonkin have leased their Western avenue home and are now at the Hershey Arms on Wilshire boulevard.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes of 500 West Twenty-third street have returned from the east.

Mrs. Authur P. Chipron of 981 Arapahoe street has returned from St. Louis.

Mrs. H. L. Bauman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Bogart, is visiting in Tucson.

Miss Ethel Cooper, of St. Joseph, Mo., who has been the guest of Miss Myra Kellar of 610 West Twenty-eighth street, has returned to the east.

Mrs. Ella Bryson Winters of Denver is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Bryson of 926 East Twenty-third street.

Dr. and Mrs. R. P. McReynolds are the guests of Mrs. Reynold's parents, Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Coulter, of South Grand avenue.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

After a strenuous morning of shopping—during which I purchased nothing—I allowed myself to be piloted up to the fourth floor of Coulter's to enjoy a mid-day meal. I was a bit cynical over my friend's enthusiasm, but when I stepped out into the long, cool café, I breathed a sigh of gratification. The quiet greens and browns of the furnishings are such a relief after the gilt and glaring lights of other fashionable grills. The neat tables fairly shone; the cloths were spick and span, and everything was in as good taste and as private as though it were one's own dining room. There were many business men lunching, but the majority were women. A woman may go unattended to Coulter's café and be sure

that Madame Grundy will thoroughly approve. Everything that a chef might conceive for an *a la carte* menu is at your command, and the service is deft and swift. My friend informs me that you may breakfast at this charming café from 8:30 to 10 o'clock. What a boon that is for the early shopper who has rushed breathlessly down to catch the bargains. Then too, if you desire to refresh yourself in the afternoon Coulter's is ready to supply you with a delicious ice or a cup of bouillon and a sandwich. It's a find, dear girl, and you simply must visit it. And, furthermore, just as we were leaving, we overheard the restaurant inspector congratulating the manager on the beautiful cleanliness and sanitary condition of the kitchens. That is in itself recommendation enough.

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I daresay you've been racking your poor brains for wedding presents for those beloved June brides. I marched boldly to the Ville de Paris this morning and besieged the linen counter, but retired defeated. When an array of linens such as the Ville possesses is displayed how can a poor mortal woman make a choice, unless she just shuts her eyes and grabs? Those beautiful, drawn-work luncheon cloths, handsome and capable looking seemed to be just the thing. And then the salesman produced no end of centerpieces and doilies—all hand-embroidered in eyelet designs—after that he brought out a table set that simply swamped me. It was Flemish linen, straight from France, and in a rarely beautiful pattern of lattices formed of wide satin bars, over which small flowers carelessly trailed. It had a highly polished sheen that would be exquisite in the shaded candle light that is so fashionable. Then there are the embroidered linen sheets—and they were liberal sheets, too, dear girl, none of those skimpy apologies we sometimes endure. Of course they have everything else in this line; bedspreads and pillow slips, bureau scarfs and buffet scarfs—

but in self-defense I refused to look at anything more. But lucky is the June bride who gets one or more of those lovely things.

If you want to know the sensations of Tantalus-on-the-other-side-of-the-Styx just view the hand-bags at the Boston's vanity counter. That counter will be my undoing yet. But just imagine a monster bag in a peculiarly rich shade between a blue and a green, with shadowy, embossed lilies creeping over the calf-skin! The Boston has one such that is a veritable dream. The commodious interior is lined with delicate blue kid and is fitted with coin purse, card case, and mirror. And there was a belt to match all this glory of purse. A heathenish sort of waist encircler it was, but entrancingly fetching. Of course, there are bags and belts in other shades of leather—but this one barbaric beauty appealed to my pagan senses. The French embroidered belts in blue and white and gray, with delicate pearl clasps are *en règle* for summer suits and the elastic beltings are bound to fill a long felt want. They are not the usual somber black elastics, but come in Dresden and brocades and all pretty shades. Nothing nestles more snugly about the waist—ahem!—than an elastic belt and the daintiness of the Boston's supply make them peculiarly acceptable.

Blackstone's are still in the throes of their removal sale, which bears some resemblance to their famous fire sale. They have extra salespeople in every department, and such crowds of shoppers as there are are! Small wonder it is, after you see the bargains—really, truly bargains. They are endeavoring to sell off all those beautiful suits—and everyone in the latest style—at from twenty five to fifty per cent discount, just so that they may have everything new to go into their handsome new store. And the same with all their stock, with the exception of sheets, pillow-slips, sheeting, etc. The *Merode* underwear, which fits beautifully, is selling at ten per cent off, as is their standard Onyx hosiery. Those beautiful lacy lingerie garments, of which I have so often told you, are being swept off at heart-breaking prices. Just imagine being able to go through Blackstone's store, with its

wealth of summer materials, its linens, its suits its ribbons its—everything—and picking them up at big bargains. You could buy some of everything you see and not get half what such a wonderful sale should entitle you to.

Myer Siegel's, 251-255 South Broadway are still displaying those lovely lingerie gowns that make woman so beautiful and also make hubby's wallet look frightened. Those gowns are not expensive, Harriet, when you take into consideration the amount of handwork that is done on them, and the exceptionable materials that are used. They are so purely feminine, and clinging, and I warrant, have assisted many a man in proposing. All of Siegel's costumes have that ultra-fashionable air that we are all striving for. Just go and see.

Don't forget that Onz's summer tailoring is quite as splendid and stunning as his winter turnouts and his auto togs. He will make you good form even if you look like a broom-stick. He's still at 232 South Hill, and you have to make an appointment to even get a chance at him.

Well my fountain pen's empty so good-bye.
Always yours,

Lucille.

South Figueroa street—June fifth.

JUNE WHITE SALES.

We are holding this month our regular annual sale of undermuslins, white silks, white wash goods, white gloves, white curtains, white fans and similar articles of dress and service to women.

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On the Stage and Off

For some years past there has been an insistent demand on the part of the press and the public for an American play, a production that shall have literary merit and at the same time have a plot that shall be illustrative of American life and character. Various and sundry claims have been made from time to time by authors and compilers on behalf of this or that production that the demand has been met, and dramas of American life, past or present, have been put forward to support the claim. Sometimes it has been a patriotic play, sometimes a play of old manners or customs, sometimes a play of college life, but one after the other they have sunk into insignificance beside the largeness of the demand and the insufficiency of the supply.

Now, however, a contestant has appeared whose claims will be hard to dispute. It has been felt that the expected representative American play would have to deal with the social aspect of the national life, and what topic could be more representative than that of the home or family. So Mr. Langdon Mitchell came to the front with *The New York Idea* and achieved a success with the only public—that of New York—which can set the seal of superiority upon dramatic productions. His play has been

emphatically approved, not only in New York, but in each successive municipality in which it has been given. So pronounced is the verdict that it only remains for the author now to enlarge his title and call his piece *The American Idea*, for it to be recognized as at last filling a long felt want, and entitled to the palm as being a work entirely and, for the present, exclusively covering the coveted ground. The topic, as is well known, treats of the question of divorce and of the inconveniences, disturbances, annoyances and mortifications that arise in society in consequence of the mixed conditions arising from wholesale divorces, and the lax condition of the laws of the several states of the Union upon the subject of conjugal infelicity, and the want of Federal regulation of a question that goes to the very foundation of the social life.

Mr. Mitchell's play does not pretend to offer any solution of the much vexed question of marriage and divorce, but it presents in a humorous, but perfectly sane manner, some illustrations of the complex relations that arise from the easy practice of legal facilities for the severance of the marriage tie, and the assumption of new ties by the dissolving parties. It is easy to dub Mr. Mitchell's effort as a farce, but it is impossible for it to be proved

as anything but a genuine, up-to-date comedy of existing social conditions. It contains no extravagant situations, no impossibilities such as occur in the recognized farce, or farce-comedy, and in fact its happenings have been surpassed in extravagance in incidents that are well authenticated as occurring in real life. Its language, while full of epigram and satire, contains nothing that goes beyond the bounds of sober reason and its incidents are well within the limits of possibility.

Mrs. Fiske has achieved a triumphant success with the play and her presentation of it this week at the Burbank theater has but emphasized the popular opinion of its merits before an entirely new audience, an audience that by reason of its being composed of representative play-goers, single, married and divorced, is perfectly capable of passing judgment upon the humors of the production and of giving a sound opinion upon its merits. That this judgment is entirely favorable is evidenced by the warm reception accorded to the play, an approval due, not entirely to the excellent acting of Mrs. Fiske and her company, but to the recognition of the clever way in which the author presents his subject without attempting any solution of the difficulties he deals with.

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MUSIC—REALISM—ROMANCE

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Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday

It may be said, of course, that in his fourth act Mr. Mitchell indicates that the best way out of the difficulty is for parties that have disagreed upon trivial matters to become reunited; for that is the way in which he brings about a satisfactory settlement for his two principal characters, but the more evident moral of his story is, that it were better that more care should be exercised in entering upon the contract in the first place, than in finding a way out of it when made.

Not one of the persons represented possesses any claim to especial sympathy. They are all of the usual selfish society type, intent upon their own personal gratification and having no respect for anything save money and social influence. The characters are life-like from the servants to the soulless leaders of the set of exclusives who have no aim but self indulgence, no standard but that of position and no god but that of respectability. It is not an elevating play; there is no pretence made to present a single character that possesses high ideals. Christianity, as practiced, is ridiculed in the person of the smug, fashionable parson, who beams with an unctuous smile upon his people and mingles with his discourses a certain worldly assurance that sustains his popularity in society. All of the characters are in fact photographic in their fidelity to types with which the public is made familiar through the newspapers of yellow and variegated stripe, through the records of divorce and criminal courts, and from personal acquaintance with the incidents of the life that is going on under our own eyes.

In the introduction of an Englishman, who is a sort of modernized mixture of satyr and Dundreary, the author gives a certain cosmopolitan touch to his story, the merit of which does not depend, after all, upon the evolution of a plot or upon the introduction of dramatic situations. The merit of the play lies in the fidelity with which it reflects the line of thoughtless practices, the absence of moral restraints, that bring about social conditions that have grown to be alarming because they have assumed the appearance of national characteristics. Whether the author intended to set up as a reformer or not, he has used one of the most powerful weapons, in the shape of satire, to help bring about a change. People who are impervious to the eloquence of the pulpit, and who yawn over sociological literature, are easily pierced by the shaft of ridicule. Not one of the characters in the play is of an enviable kind, and the fact that they are portrayed with rare skill makes this appear more prominently than it otherwise would. Shakespeare demands that the stage should hold up the mirror to nature, and in this respect the author may claim that he has complied with the master's dictum, but the result is like an untouched photograph, it is "justice without mercy."

In Cynthia Karslake, Mrs. Fiske has done nothing to add to her brilliant reputation. The part is a trivial one, its emotive qualities do not go below the surface, and the picture of a wilful, spoiled, erratic, conscienceless darling of fashion, with a taste for Scotch whiskey and a passion for horseflesh, has nothing in it to appeal to one's admiration of the actress's art. That it is perfect in detail goes without saying, but when all is done it is hardly worth while. The public naturally looks for something greater from a woman who is ranked as a genius in dramatic art; something that will stir the deeper feelings and touch the springs of emotion with a firmer hand. There are plenty of women upon the stage that could play the part of Cynthia Karslake, but few, if any, that can rival

Mrs. Fiske in parts that require a subtler play of emotion and a more powerful appeal to human feeling and experience. Even Mrs. Fiske cannot make Cynthia entirely satisfying in the last act. Her reconciliation with her "first husband, once removed" is accompanied by a few tears shed in a manner that while it may be natural to the character of Cynthia, is not without humorous effect upon the lookers-on. John Mason, George Arliss and Marin Lea are each eminently correct and convincingly clever in their respective roles, and in fact the same can be said without reserve of the entire cast, which has been chosen with excellent judgment and is managed with the skill born of good taste and experience. In this department of the work the fine directing hand of Mrs. Fiske is easily apparent, as well as in the completeness and harmony of the stage setting. Personally Mrs. Fiske is unusually self sacrificing, surrendering the center of the stage and sharing curtain calls with her people with a generous liberality not often characteristic of a theatrical star.

The final Saturday night composite bill is looked forward to with much favorable anticipation.

The Belasco Stock Company is frolicking this week with a rural farce, *All On Account of Eliza*, a piece evidently constructed hastily in order to give an opportunity for the comedian to play a part in German dialect. It is so played by Leo Detrichstein who claims its authorship. In this case Mr. John Daly Murphy enacts the role of the uneducated, but impulsive and good hearted, retired cattle dealer who finds much difficulty in "explanation" himself, and who gets into so much hot water with the scolds of the village. It is a very amusing bit of caricature and serves to bring this clever character actor to the front at this theater.

But the rest of the company have to make great sacrifices. Frequent reference to the

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program is necessary in order to identify some of the people. For instance, the middle aged shrew who makes Mr. Murphy's life a burden to him, can hardly be Miss Farrington and yet the cleverness of the make-up conceals the fact revealed in print.

Miss Smythe is supposedly there for so says the bill, and the same may be said of Miss Cary. Miss Albertson has no reason for disguise because she is the sweet thing in browns who teaches school and is made love to by the boy pupils, the married men, the German comedian and the young man from college who finally secures her. Mr. Stone makes a heroic sacrifice. He is the sporty hotel keeper of the village. He wears his hair down over one eye, a red necktie, gas-green socks, college trousers and a leering look when he asks the school ma'am to be his best girl. Marion Berg wears her hair hanging loosely down, and a frock of hideous unfitness; also a shrill voice, which is her contribution to the village conditions. Scott, Yerance and Lowell are hen-pecked husbands, and Vivian monopolizes the saccharine qualities of his lady love in a manner, that while it is realistic is rather unnecessarily obtrusive.

The farce is hilariously received and serves its purpose quite well, if it was intended to give this hard working company a brief rest from the more ambitious work for which they have shown themselves so well fitted.

George A. Dobinson.

Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Auditorium—Of all comic operas which have held the boards for the past years on the comic opera stage *H. M. S. Pinafore* is, no doubt, the universal favorite, along with *Robin Hood*. For the week commencing Monday, June 10, with the usual matinees Wednesday and Saturday, The Californians have decided to give this opera and it is safe to say that it will no doubt receive as good a production as was given the original. The Californians have made good here in the various operas they have given thus far; *Robin Hood*, *The Bohemian Girl* and *The Mikado*, each running two weeks. The popular prices of from fifty cents down have had considerable to do with the success, and today it is the cheapest show in America of its kind, although the company take off their hats to no one, the beauty chorus of fifty being voted the best on the coast. *H. M. S. Pinafore* will include all the favorites, Messrs. Cashman, Ling, Waelder, Beamer, and the Misses Aubert, Saunders, and E. Zoe Barnett. Among the famous songs are *When I Was A Lad*, *Farewell My Own*, *For He is an Englishman*, *Never Mind the Why and Wherefore*, *The Merry Maiden and the Tar* and the famous *Sailors' Hornpipe*—all these songs will be remembered in this famous old opera.

Belasco's—Arthur Wing Pinero's famous drama, *Letty*, played with great success by William Faversham will be given its first Los Angeles production by the Belasco Stock Company. The clever actors should find good opportunity in this play.

Grand Opera House—"The Street Singer" which is to be presented next week by the Ulrich Stock Company will revolutionize the stage methods of the Grand Opera House, as it is said that fifty forms encased in pink tights are an important feature of the play. Myrtle Selwyn has the title role and will head the "beauty chorus." Special seats have been reserved in the front rows for bald heads. The play is from the pen of Qwen Davis and it is to be expected therefore that the music and dancing will be interrupted by a liberal apportionment of thrills and that the villain will pursue the fair street singer to the very end.

Mason—Viola Allen, after an absence of five years comes back to Los Angeles to appear at the Mason for three nights and one matinee. When Miss Allen was last seen here it was as *Dolores* in F. Marion Crawford's romance, *In the Palace of the King*. During her present engagement she will appear as *Viola* in Shakespeare's comedy *Twelfth Night* on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. At the Wednesday matinee Miss Allen, supported by her fine company, will be seen in a special bill made up of acts from four classic dramas—in the wooing scene from *As You Like It*, Miss Allen will be seen as *Rosalind*; the screen scene from *The School for Scandal*, in which Miss Allen will appear as *Lady Teazle*; in the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, Miss Allen will be the *Juliet*; and in the trial scene from *The Merchant of Venice* she will be seen as *Portia*.

Morosco's—The Burbank Stock Company returns to its own again on Sunday afternoon, when Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poetic drama, *Mizpah*, will be presented. Blanche Hall will repeat her triumph in the part of Esther.

Orpheum—At the top of next week's bill is the name of Valerie Bergere, who with her company will present Roy Fairchild's playlet, "A Bowery Camille." The story of the East Side artist's model passes from comedy through all the intermediate stages of emotion to a tragic ending, and is one of the strongest that Miss Bergere has presented. The four *Fords* were formerly a feature of the Orpheum Road Show when they clattered their merry way into favor with Los Angeles Orpheumites. Seven Highland Pipers in kilt and sporran,

wearing the tartan of the ancient Sutcliff clan, playing Scottish airs and performing Scottish dances, will be a sight to stir the blood of every Scot. A novel act is that of Werden and Gladish. They are programmed "In Illustrated Songs," but it is not the old-fashioned style of sentimental ditties, long ago relegated to the ten-cent theaters. Carroll and Baker, La Tosca and the Royal Musical Five remain for another week.

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In the Musical World

It is indeed unfortunate that dramatic and musical critics of the dailies are compelled by force of circumstances to criticize performances in the light of their first presentation. No matter what the company or what the play or opera, there is certain to be unevenness and ragged edges that will wear off with the second or third production. The critics write of an imperfect production that is necessarily and inevitably imperfect.

This is emphatically true of The Californians's production of *The Bohemian Girl*. Seeing and hearing the opera on Decoration Day was wholly different from seeing and hearing

it any evening this week. Much as I dislike to disagree from the daily paper critics, truth compels the statement that their strictures on the principals were unduly severe. *The Bohemian Girl* calls for an immense amount of work from the principals—far more than any of the so-called light operas that have been in vogue for twenty or thirty years. These principals were called upon to sing with only three or four rehearsals—all but one or two while on the road. With this sort of preparation the daily newspaper critics expect The Californians to sing the same as if the opera had been in rehearsal for a sea-

son on the road.

The Californians are doing magnificent work at the Auditorium; doing it to fine houses and at popular prices. What do the critics expect—Melba, Schumann-Heink, Caruso, Bispham and Edouard de Reszke?

There is a new organist at St. Vibiana's Cathedral; and there are rumors of a new organ. Frank H. Colby, who is one of the best Los Angeles organists, has succeeded Frank Carr, who goes east. My sympathies have gone out to the Cathedral organist for six years and more. A. J. Stamm, who was

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predecessor of Carr, had his work cut out for him; so did Carr; so will Colby. The Cathedral organ never was new. It was patched up from old organs when it was built many years ago. It is probably half a tone above concert pitch. It is decrepit; it is altogether wretched. Mr. Colby has my sincere wishes for a successful season as organist but he is up against a most fearful and wonderful instrument. It is understood that when the new Cathedral is built at Ninth and Green streets, there will be a splendid instrument in that edifice. But a new organ downtown would add mightily to the musical service; and when the new Cathedral is dedicated there will to a certainty be a downtown church which will need an organ. I trust Mr. Colby will have an organ worth while.

Wenzel Kopta was in charge of the musical program given at the Los Angeles School of Art and Design on Tuesday evening. Mr. Kopta had a splendid corps of artists, including Mrs. Robert Adams, soprano; Mr. R. J. Pritchard, tenor; Mr. William Edson Strowbridge, piano; Mr. Thomas Trevor, tenor; Signor Antonio Scarpa, clarionette, and Gregor McDonald, bag pipes.

The Lyric Club will give its closing concert for this season at Simpson's Auditorium, Friday evening, June 14. The club will be assisted by Mr. Abraham Miller, tenor, and the following members of the club: Mrs. S. A. Boyer, Mrs. Frank Bryson, Mrs. Harry N. McMullin, Mrs. Ignatius Brown, Mrs. Harry E. Dean, Miss Wiley Smyser, Miss Kie Julie Christin and Miss Ruth Eddings.

The program is as follows:

Part I.

- 1 *The Fountain* Bartlett
- 2 (a) *Santa Lucia* Rees
- (b) *Rockin' In the Win'* Neidlinger
- 3 *"In jernem Land"* Wagner
- Mr. Miller.

- 4 *Hymn to the Madonna* Kremser
- 5 *Dost Thou Know That Sweet Land?* Spicker
- Mrs. L. A. Boyer.

Part II.

- 6 *Chorus of Seraphims* Dubois
- 7 *Moths* Palicot
- 8 (a) *I Know A Lovely Garden* d'Hardelet
- (b) *Beloved, It Is Morn* Aylward
- (c) *Recompense* Hammond
- Mr. Miller.

- 9 *Sea Fairies* Mrs. Beach
- 10 *St. John's Eve* Chaminade

Wednesday evening the members of the Gamut Club held their monthly dinner and social meeting at the club house, 1044 South Hope street. In addition to an excellent menu there was music by Messrs. Stanley Weidener, who sang an original composition, and a solo by Roland Paul; W. E. Barclay gave a piano number, Joseph Greenbaum, an original stunt that involved certain members of the club, and Len Behymer told his experiences in taking care of the Shriners. Vice-president Edson gave an account of himself for the last four months.

In closing the twelfth year of its history, the First Congregational Orchestra announces the final concert of the present season for Friday evening, June 7, making the twenty-eighth concert given in regular course. The organization has a membership of forty-two, and has from its beginning been under the leadership of its present director, William H. Mead. On this occasion Miss Louise Nixon Hill will appear as soloist, giving ante-bellum, and colonial songs, supported by the orchestra. The program otherwise will consist entirely of request numbers, and a pleasing variety of popular compositions is promised, including the *Lucia* Sextette, arranged for six solo instruments. The orchestral program follows:

Opera—Selections from *Faust* and *Robin Hood*
Pilgrims Chorus from *Tannhauser*.
 Overture—*Poet and Peasant*.
 Characteristic—*The Mill in the Forest*.
 Sacred—*Sanctus* from *St. Cecilia*, by Gounod.
 Special—Sextette from *Lucia*, arranged for six solo instruments with orchestral accompaniment.

Among the Artists

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his knowledge to the necessities thereof; and especially knows how to combine accuracy and completeness of realism with the fine elements of interpretation. Science, knowledge and executive power go hand in hand, and this, so well established in this artist, serves him as a guide through all the intellectual independence that finds its best expression in poetic and imaginative art. The happy and perfect combination of his knowledge

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and practise are particularly well illustrated in his paintings. In his portraiture we find exactness and precision of drawing, with the innate power of at once catching the likeness and portraying the sitter's strongest qualities; with all this correctness of anatomical structure we find the portrait full of emotion, full of that subtle quality so difficult to render, so indefinable and ever changing that there are no words in any language to express the

sudden emotions of expressions in the soul's mute portrayal through the human countenance. The result is so spontaneous and direct, that it is difficult to believe that he has taken studious pains to carry out his conception in which he has developed much preliminary thought.

There is nothing of chance or accident, hit or miss and fussing about for what he wants, but the full expression of a perfected knowledge in which the mechanism of art is understood and concealed. The delightful freedom with which all his canvases are invested, the freshness, and spontaneity shown with a single sitting show this artist to be a master of his brush.

It seems strange that he has but recently taken up landscape work, in which he excels. His work on Catalina Island went to show two things conclusively; that he is a born colorist of marvelous strength and beauty; and has power of interpreting nature. To all who had the pleasure of seeing these pictures, it could but impress one how utterly devoid of the unworthy trivialities, so often introduced by many artists, these pictures were. They were pictures full of wondrous rich color, full of motion, vibrant through all its tones and values. That these qualities have been observed, understood and appreciated in Los Angeles is very refreshing to know, as many are recognizing this artist's well trained talents.

A commission from Mrs. Randolph Miner for a painting of her beautiful garden, was executed with splendid success and shows this painter in all the charm of his new role.

He is now working upon the portrait of a well-known society leader, and although he has had as yet only one sitting one cannot help but be surprised at the wonderful likeness so quickly and perfectly caught. It is with great interest that we patiently wait to see the completed canvas.

Mr. Greenbaum is happily blessed with a powerful and strong physique so essential for continual and perfect work, and it is to his credit that he uses it to its fullest extent by persistent industry and close application to his work; besides his life class, which is much sought for, he takes a sketching class out every week and those who are fortunate enough to be under his tuition must indeed count themselves favored.

The proverbial fate of the struggling artist has unfortunately been brought close home to our own door. The death of Mr. Paul Moran, son of Mr. Thomas Moran, the famous landscape painter, occurred under the most adverse and distressing circumstances in the County Hospital some ten days ago. He was brought up to portrait painting, but falling into bad health came, as many do, to Los Angeles in the futile hope of regaining that which had slipped away forever. Struggling day by day, week by week, still hoping, still striving against fate's all-powerful and relentless hand, sinking lower and lower, his energies and very

life ebbing away uncared and unknown in the County Hospital! When the soul has parted from its earthly case, the usual notice of such an occurrence is given in the dailies, and exclamations of sorrow and regret are heard from some. But what a shame that amid such immense wealth that the individual can not possibly use or take away with him when the last trumpet calls, that a soul filled with beauty, refinement, and culture is allowed through the sheer want of the bare necessities of life, to pass away in such a manner! It was most pitiable to see the pathetic struggle of this artist, whose loss of sight made it impossible for him to do any portrait work and resorted to trying to paint a few landscapes in order to buy bread. Mr. J. F. Kanst, of the Kanst Art Co., 642 South Spring street, bought several of these paintings to tide over the pressing moments of this most unfortunate artist. Mr. Kanst has these paintings on exhibition now, and they well portray the desperate efforts of a nearly blind and dying man, trying hard in an honest way to earn the sustenance of life. That such things can exist under our very eyes amid vast sums of wealth, seems incredible; but it is the old story, those who have untold thousands are too busy with the insatiable greed of still getting more, to be bothered with the poor, struggling and dying.

The Moran family were very clever and celebrated. They owed their development entirely to their loving mother who took them to Paris and watched over them with maternal care, encouraging them with that zeal and hope as only such mothers can, with the result that Thomas, the father of the dead man, became one of the best landscape painters of his time. Peter, the unsurpassed American animal painter; and Edward, the renowned marine painter, the two uncles of Paul are dead. The cousins, Percy and Leon Moran, figure painters, still exist. Paul Moran was at one time well known in art circles, having exhibited in the Academy and the various water color exhibits. He was also, at one time, a member of the Salmagundi Club.

Miss Jennie Rugar, flower painter, left a week ago for the east. The Kanst Art Co., are exhibiting a number of her flower studies.

The School of Art and Design at Westlake Park held a reception celebrating their twentieth anniversary last Tuesday. Perhaps the strongest spirit among them is Mr. Hernando Villa, who was a pupil of this school and is now teaching there. A young man with such undoubted talents should further his education and powers by placing himself in proper hands amid the strongest art atmosphere of some European capital.

Mrs. Helma Heynsen-Jahn received a very pleasant visit at her studio from Madam Modjeska, who it was understood was very enthusiastic in her praise of the talented artist.

Mr. Franz A. Bischoff, the celebrated china painter, has been working for the last few years in landscape with good results. Some of his outdoor sketches are fine bits of color. Mr. Bischoff believes in working direct from nature, stating that to do this well is indeed difficult enough, without attempting to paint in the studio from imagination, as many do. We may expect to see in the near future a fine exhibit by this artist.

The many friends of Mr. Ralph F. Mocine and those interested in his work will be pleased to know he has returned from his recent travels and study in Europe.

The season has now arrived when one and all are completing some change of scene, but to the landscape painter who desires a complete change coupled with an antiquity and charm so refreshing and so entertaining, especially to those who wish to travel in a land of the Anglo-Saxon language, there is probably no place which makes so much appeal to the heart and imagination as the old country villages of England. In every part of England we find the village or hamlet and according to the district, the many types of cottages either of stone, cob, or thatch. To interpret the full meaning of their varied architecture, one must realize that England is divided into many provinces, and that their people have sprung from different ancestries. Some are alien; others show the controlling effect of surrounding towns, while many in more distant parts grew under the influence of the church and manor. It would be difficult to find a greater inspiration or more convincing examples of the influence of the soil than these English cottages. Local traditions have been carried out from generation to generation, and we see little of learning or art as manifested and understood in modern building. From no point of view is the English country cottage more interesting or so replete with the unexpected, as in its varied character, one village being strictly mediaeval, another somewhat classic and still another with the peculiar combination of both. They are unsurpassed in their picturesqueness and whether you travel through Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hants, Devonshire or Cornwall through the south; or Cheshire, Shropshire or Herefordshire in the middle north; Suffolk or Norfolk in the east; or the many other interesting counties such as Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Derbyshire, Northamptonshire, there is always to be found a beautiful old bit that appeals to the painter or is a temptation to the architect for a fragment. The characteristics of the different villages with their attending landscapes are of intense interest to painter and architect, and two or three months could not be spent with better profit than a tramp through these interesting villages so full of quaint antiquities.

Rene T. de Quelin.

Autos and Autoists

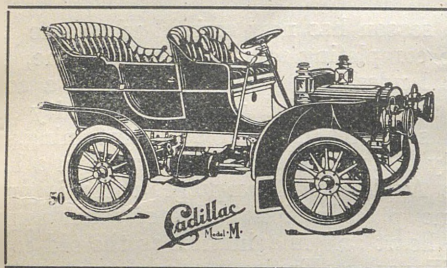
Somebody sent me a rather peculiar letter this week. It is written and signed by a man who has the same Christian name as myself and it takes a whole lot of answering. For this reason I am going to let my answer go until next week and I shall devote my entire column to that answer. It may interest you and it may not, but I think that it will. At any rate I have probably whetted your curiosity

and that is something. I would have answered that letter this week, but I was not in the right mood to write the answer and, as you may know, mood has much to do with successful writing. One reason that my column fluctuates is that one day is reserved for the writing of it. It is hard to wake up on Monday morning, after a glorious Sunday on the yacht, and remember that you have to hammer

out a certain amount of copy about autos. It is harder still to hammer out the copy, unless one is in just the right mood for it. It does not matter how strong minded a man may be, these things will have their effect on him. The "ever-ready" writer is either a man with no feeling and little soul, whose copy is dead, or he is one of those few-and-far-betweens who can draw on his imagination at will and pay for it in lack of sleep afterward.

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I belong to neither class and I openly confess that any originality in my crazy column is due to the weather and the state of my liver and not to any innate ability.

For some reason or other I had never met Don Lee until I blew into the Cadillac place on Monday. I asked for Mr. Lee. A swivel chair revolved rapidly and a business-like voice inquired what he could do for me. I replied that I required "dope" in other words, five minutes of his time. Mr. Lee had a customer in hand at the time and, fearful of interrupting the consummation of a sale, I begged him to take his time and talk to me at his leisure. I might have spared my own feelings. The customer in question had followed the remarkable non-stop run of the one cylinder Cadillac and had made up his mind to invest in one. The only thing he had to discuss was the price Mr. Lee would allow him for a big touring car in exchange. While this matter was being settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, I busied myself taking in the lines of the chassis and works of a replica of the non-stop machine standing in the window of the garage. While I was looking round, Freddie Fabst arrived. There was nothing remarkable about this but Freddie wore a new cap. It is the latest thing in auto head gears and struck my fancy. A combination of an English riding cap and an American autoist's "lid," the effect is good. It might not look so well on everybody but our Freddie has a "way" of wearing his clothes, and, as I saw it, that cap looked very good to me.

Then Mr. Lee came out of the office and asked what he could do for me. "Tell me about this non-stop run," said I, and this is what he said. "We inaugurated this non-stop run simply and solely to prove to the general public the actual reliability of the one-cylinder Cadillac car. You can see for yourself that the machine is built on non-stop lines. In fact there is no reason why that engine should ever stop if any kind of a competent chauffeur looks after it. You will find solidity here without too much weight." And I was bound to agree with him when he pointed out the different "points" in the mechanism of the machine. "This car holds the records for a non-stop trip between here and San Francisco, and for the non-stop run for the round trip and the record for speed for the round trip. Now do you wonder that I am feeling good about this little Cadillac and that people are coming in to hand me orders?" And I gently answered, "Nay." "So far (this was Monday afternoon) the car has been running for a week, less a few hours. It has covered some eighteen hundred miles and has only just started. We expect to send her around the Kite-shaped track and then to San Diego and back. Before we get through we hope to make mince-meat of the record non-stop run of three thousand and seven miles. You must remember that we had no ordinary non-stop run conditions to contend with. The roads to San Francisco and the streets up there are not in the Main street class. This car has been through places that would jolt some engines to a standstill." And Mr. Lee was telling the very exact truth, as anybody who has made the San Francisco trip will tell you.

Then I asked this good auto man about his trip on the way up. "Dust and water, water and dust," was his explicit reply. "And talking about water, I would ask you to mention one thing particularly. Just this side of Ventura, where the road crosses the Ventura river, the bridge is washed away, leaving

a sheer drop of some twenty feet to the river. The county authorities have constructed a way around but they have neglected to close up the road end where it abuts on the river bank. There is no railing even, across the end of the road. At night, especially, this is very dangerous and all autoists should be warned of it."

And Ralph Hamlin stood with his arms folded. Was he in deep thought? Was he wondering how to captivate a hard possible purchaser? Was he figuring out the best was to spend a two weeks' vacation? Was he pondering on the perversity of newspaper men? No, none of these. He was lost in admiration of THE Lozier. For a full minute I stood and watched him. I was well within his range of vision, but he saw me not. Then I hailed him. He sighed and turned to me in greeting. "Hallo, Jack," he said. "Say, isn't she a beaut?" She is. The sides are finished in French grey, the upholstery is in a pleasing shade of red and the lines of the craft in general are easy and pleasing to the eye. I asked Ralph to tell me about his run up Mt. Wilson, but he would not be denied and he launched into eulogies of the new car. Here is a chance for one verse of a jingle. I would run twenty of them on the same subject, but they are not very good and I know that the other Ralph would not approve. (Quite right—Ralph) Some day, Ralph Hamlin, my boy, when the sun shines bright and the westerly wind slips gently over the cliffs into the willing sails and the laughing waves leap merrily to give us greeting, when the joy of living is in me and the poetry of God's glad air comes to my brain—then will I rhyme about you and perchance do you justice. But to sit in a stuffy office and jingle rightly?—For some mayhap, but not for me.

*It isn't so much the car you build,
It isn't your patent gear,
It isn't the latest spark control,
Nor the method by which you steer.
It's the fellow who takes your agency;
Not the fellow who shoots "hot air,"
But the healthy, clear eyed gentleman
And the man with "savoir faire."*

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES—
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets
"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had."

"Do You Know"—that we of the "Auto Station,"—Never Close?

Full line of Accessories, Repairing, Storage and Rental.

Denker & Wetterauer

Rental, Stand
429 S. Spring
Home 2502 Main 9291

S. Los Angeles & Tenth
Home 6258
Bdwy. 3925

And that is Ralph Hamlin.

Ralph was like a kid with a new toy he is afraid to play with for fear of spoiling it. "Honestly" quoth he between spasms of admiration, "this is the only Lozier car ever shipped so far west. They are so busy at the factory that New York and Chicago are the only cities that get any of these cars. If Los Angeles were not such a great auto town I would never have got it." By the way, the Lozier people are the same who make the marine engine. I have personal experience of some of these and can vouch for them. (By Jove, it's fine to be able to talk about something I really know about.)

Had it not been for the timely arrival of L. L. Whitman, I never would have heard anything about the Mt. Wilson climb. But he did arrive and I gently drew him to one side, leaving Ralph to lose himself in a fresh maze of admiration. "I wrote a story about that climb in the *Times*," said Mr. Whitman "and I am more or less dry on the subject." However he percolated little items all the time he was talking to me and if anything was dry it was his humor and not his brain. Apparently there was nothing to it except that they made up their minds that the Franklin should be the first car to cover the new road up the mountain. "This being decided upon by the general, it was immediately carried into action," as the *Cæsar* crib says. They; i. e., Ralph and Whitman, took a four cylinder Franklin small touring car and went up the hill. They had no idea of making time but stopped continually to take photographs.

L. L. Whitman. "The elevation is six thousand feet."

Ralph Hamlin (suddenly roused from his admiration siesta) "Nay, nay, good fellow. 'Tis six thousand six hundred and sixty. I pray ye do not underestimate these figures by one whit, or they will rightly dub ye 'Whitman.'"

(Man at the gasoline pump falls in a faint, and I am hardly restrained from sending in a hurry call.)

Here is something very interesting that Mr. Whitman told me. The road up to the top of the peak was made for the purpose of hauling material for the new observatory. For this purpose a special car has been constructed. It is what is known as self generating, four motor direct drive truck. In other words there is a gasoline engine on the frame connected to a dynamo. This dynamo connects with a reserve storage battery and with four motors, one on each wheel hub. The advantage of having electric motors is that they will work equally well in either direction. Only freak two-cycle engines work in both directions and they are not reliable. To reverse with an ordinary gasoline engine, gear is necessary. Now this car is a double-header. It will run in either direction equally well. The steering gear is amidships and the steersman may run it in either direction by merely shifting his position and his reverse lever. The turns in the mountain road are made in such a way that the car will not have to turn the corners. This would not be safe as the slightest slip in steering would send the whole thing careering down the mountain-side. At each turn the road is extended as far out as possible. The car will run out to the limit of the roadway overlooking the precipice. Then the chauffeur will reverse and head the truck up the next incline. This is a very novel way of overcoming a grave difficulty in engineering. If you have ever arrived in Pontresina or

NO WAITING—IT IS AT YOUR IMMEDIATE SERVICE.

The PIERCE-RACINE

4=Cylinder==40 H. P. Tourer.

EQUIPMENT COMPLETE \$27.50

INVESTIGATE AT ONCE. IT WILL PAY YOU. OUR ALLOTMENT IS NEARLY ALL SOLD.

The Pierce-Racine Motor Co.

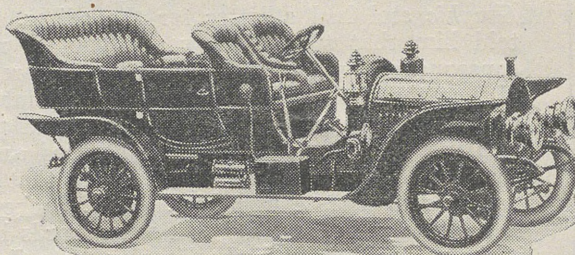
1048 SOUTH MAIN ST.

45
H. P.

THE
ROYAL
TOURIST

Seven
Passenger

BUILT IN CLEVELAND.



Ask Your Eastern Friends about it!
Phone for Demonstration and Choice of Colors

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Pope-Hartfords Pope-Tribunes
White Steamers and Pope Toledos

Early : : Deliveries

SEE US FOR DEMONSTRATION
AND GET A SQUARE DEAL...

White Garage

712 South Broadway

Both Phones Ex. 790

H. D. Ryus, Mgr.

Wm. R. Ruess, Sales Mgr.

The H. O. HARRISON CO.

ARE NOW SHOWING THEIR

1907 PEERLESS AND OLDSMOBILES

Come and inspect our handsome new quarters

1212-1214 S. MAIN ST.

Reo

The Car That Never Quits

The Reo has never made a poor showing in any contest in which it has entered.

We have won most of our races, lost some by a narrow margin; but we have NEVER QUIT TRYING and WE NEVER WILL.

We have the utmost confidence in the car, else we would not give the following

GUARANTY:

I not only guarantee the workmanship and the material in every Reo car sold, for one year from date of purchase, but I will replace any and all defective parts absolutely free of charge.

LEON T. SHETTLER.

SPECIAL NOTICE—For the convenience of prospective buyers who find it inconvenient to call on week days, I will keep my salesrooms open from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. every Sunday.

Reo Runabouts, \$675, \$700, \$1150, \$1300.

Reo Touring cars, \$1250, \$1350, \$1400, \$1500, \$2650.

LEON T. SHETTLER

REO MOTOR CARS

633 South Grand Ave.

H. M. FULLER, Sales Manager.

Home Ex. 167

Sunset Ex. 633

Member Automobile Dealers' Association of Southern California.

AUTOISTS!

Firestone Tires

Are Made in 3 styles, to-wit: Mechanically Fastened, Universal (Goodyear Type) and Clincher. Inspection will convince that Firestone Tires are the Best.

John T. Bill Co.,

Tenth and Main Sts.

The Maxwell

Winner in the Altadena hill-climb.
Maxwell Runabout,

Time, 3:03.

Four-cylinder Tourabout,
Time, 2:56 1-5.

The Runabout was one of the latest cars entered.

It is 14 H. P. and costs \$325 less than any car of other makes that finished.

Isn't this the car you want?

WAYNE

Touring Cars and Runabouts

16 to 60 Horse Power \$800 to \$3,650.

E. Jr. BENNETT AUTOMOBILE CO.

Gen. Agents for Southern California

MOON MOTOR CARS

Motor Car Company of Los Angeles.

A. W. McCready, Jr.

122 E. SIXTH ST.

St. Moritz after a ride down the pass with a driver suffering from an over dose of "kirsch-wasser," you will appreciate what I mean.

They were filling the new Lozier with gasoline and I asked Mr. Whitman about distillate, alcohol and other fuels. "Distillate works well," said he, "when your engine is hot. Why, last year I ran twenty miles on coal oil. It was during my trip across the continent. We ran out of gasoline and, luckily, were within a few hundred yards of a wayside railroad station in Wyoming when it happened. The station agent was called on for help; he in turn called on his wife. The best she could do was the greater part of a drum of coal oil. We took that and tried it. The day was hot, the sand was hot, we were hot and the engine was hot. I cranked her up and the engine went off like a daisy. She never missed an explosion until we reached the next town, some eighteen miles away. Say, by the way, take a look at those brakes on the Lozier. Do you see that they are water cooled as well as the engine?" And I looked and wondered at the ingenuity of the auto manufacturer.

Ed. Caister sat in his office and shouted aloud thus: "Sackett, Oooh, Saaaaaackett, come here. I want you to see a real live Englishman." Then Mr. Sackett came. He sized me up and said that he had heard of the *Graphic* and had a letter for the editor. I told him that the editor was a man of no consequence and that I was the only real "it" on the staff. Whereupon he pulled out a pipe, took my proffered pouch and said "I smoke myself." Then we both laughed and that big Ed Caister guffawed so long that I had to remonstrate with him. L. J. Sackett is the "Polyglot Person." In other words he is the sales manager of the Simplex Auto Co., of New York. They make the Simplex machine and they have the exclusive United States and Canadian agency for the great Isotta-Fraschini car. They are also agents for the Panhard, Mercedes and Renault machines, but are not exclusive.

Mr. Sackett did not tell me very much about his machines but he did give me a very interesting and sensible talk on the rules of the road and the way in which they are mercilessly butchered in this town. "In every civilized country," said he, "certain rules of the road are in force and should be observed. In England they keep to the left on the streets and to the right on the pavements, a paradox quite in keeping with the British character, (and I bowed). But in all other countries, including the United States, the following rules are law. Keep to the right. Two cars going in opposite directions must pass on the left side. If one car is overtaking another, the car in front must steer to the right and allow the overtaking car to pass on the outside. In turning a corner from right to left, that is on the outside or open side, a rectangular turn must be made, a car has no right to cut across and take the bias. In stopping a car by the sidewalk it must always be left facing in the same direction it would take if following the rules of the road. Now I have been here only two weeks, yet I have seen each and every one of these rules openly violated so often that it is a wonder to me that the hospitals are not full of auto victims. Another universal rule of the road is absolutely ignored here. When a driver of any kind of vehicle is going to turn, he should hold up his whip or his hand. They never think of doing it here. These rules should be enforced and drivers of all kinds of cars and carts should be made to understand that they must follow them, or

be arrested. It is not so much the speed that counts as the care. I was arrested myself for going at, what they called, twenty miles an hour. I had my car in perfect control, there was not the slightest danger of an accident, yet I was hauled up and mulcted of twenty dollars. I am quite willing to bow to the speed ordinance, but I submit that the man who arrested me would have been much better employed running in some amateur dub who was breaking the law of the road. In Paris, where autos are as thick as flies in a Main street restaurant they manage these things better. Professional and amateur chauffeurs have numbers of different sizes. The amateurs have large numbers and the professionals small ones. The latter are supposed to know what they are doing. The police are strict with them if they have an accident and they are liable to lose their license. If a man with a large number takes chances in a crowd, he is immediately called down by a policeman and warned. The professional dare not take real chances, for he knows that he is liable to lose his badge of livelihood."

Then Mr. Sackett took me down town in his Simplex and showed me what he meant by the rules of the road. I agree with him very cordially and hope that my publication of his little talk will help towards a closer following of the rules of the road by the autoists who do me the honor to read my column.

Grand Avenue Bill was cranking the new "Charlie Pratt Pope-Toledo fifty horsepower race-about." He quit when I came in and heaved a mighty sigh. "Talk about luck," he groaned. "If it rained soup, I'd have a fork in my hand. Here's a fellow telegraphs to me from Goldfield. 'State price Pope-Hartford, seven passenger touring car complete.' I answered, naming price delivered in Goldfield. He replied 'Sale closed.

The Thomas Flyer

A few purchasers of the 1907 model

You know many of them

Ask them about the 1907 FLYER

E. V. Baker	A. J. Froehlich
Col. A. G. Gasson	Capt. C. T. Hinde
Dr. M. A. Miller	Mrs. G. V. Rowan
J. R. Finletter	Miss Nann A. Smith
Henry Fisher	E. G. Gilbert
J. B. Althouse	H. C. Wyatt
L. A. Nares	Mrs. S. J. Bridge
Rufus Spalding	W. B. Ames
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Western Motor Car Co.

Agents

415 South Hill Street.

Charles E. Anthony, President.

Earle C. Anthony, Manager.

FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS

All Models Ready for Demonstration

R. C. HAMLIN

1806 S. Main St.

B4402

South 909

Sending man to bring car back.' The man arrived all right BUT there was a wire waiting for him and this is what it said: 'Don't take car, return at once, STOCKS HAVE FALLEN' Oh, talk about your luck."

Jack Densham.

Echoes concerning the late "Rubbermen's annual" still chime along Gasoline Row some being all a-tune with this refrain:

That the "Dealers" are quite incensed at the scant courtesy accorded their famous all-star baseball aggregation—Messrs. Charlie Pratt and Mel Nordlinger in particular being singled out for the butt-end of every close decision—and that steps are being taken to readjust matters, the Dealers inviting the Rubbermen to a high jinks in the near future.

That the expression on Mr. Leon Shettler's mobile frontispiece when Captain Ryus landed on the former's solar plexus was a treat in itself.

That 'Andsome 'Arry 'Arrison and Billy Newerf are figuring on doing a stunt on the Orpheum circuit entitled *How My Nose Got Out of Plumb in the Doings at the Gym*.

That Billy Ruess was the one giant fire-cracker of the day, zig-zagging and pre-empting the road from Charlie Pratt who was fast overhauling him on the way down, besides concealing a horse-shoe in his glove in the bout with "O'Brien," and having his bosom friend, Captain Ryus, appointed referee.

That Bob Brain would have been on deck had he not got so interested in ferreting out a \$40 overcharge that the S. P. was trying to wring for a belated shipment of G. & Js.

That Mr. Pattison, of the Pierce-Racine, and Mr. T. H. Wilkinson, of Hartford-Dunlop fame, have agreed to damage each other and the atmosphere if they are ever given a chance. Both, however, have agreed that Maud Fuller must be referee. Wonder what they've got packed away?

That Mr. Tom Mack's vocal selections were the real thing and well merited the storm of spontaneous applause.

That Arthur M'Devitt, Don Lee and Cadillac Patee, can ramble some themselves, although it would shock many readers if several of their stirring medleys were repeated word for word.

That Jim Morley's initiation of Ralph Hamlin into the Brotherhood of A. A. was a masterpiece of mysterious black art lore. It is hoped, though, that Ralph will not be too zealous a convert to the rules that obtain in this antiquated transplanted jungle of Egyptain sophistry.

That Lou Denker may be all right when driving a Pope-Hartford but an awful joke when seconding a man for a bruising contest. The idea of giving a man a malt shampoo and bath at the end of every round. Has anyone ever seen the like at Naud, or other fistic shrines? Small wonder that Eddie Helm and Hutch refused point blank to show their knowledge of the Queensberry art.

That the way Mr. Featherstone dug in to the frijoles, barbecued beef, olives and suds, leads one to believe that he'd been carefully nursing a keen appetite for a few days in ripe anticipation of the toothsome feast.

That although crippled, both Pierce-Arrow Bush and Cadillac Jeff were very much in evidence and added quite a little tabasco to the sylvan rumble.

That Mr. Sackett and old Owl Caister, of the Winton-Renault-Mercedes-Panhard-Isotta-Fraschini, were simplexed quite early in the game.

That Dudley Bliss would have thrown bricks for souvenirs but for the strong arm of Grand Marshal Kripp.

Automobilists, Attention ! ! !

The list includes **Panhard, Mercedes, Renault,** and the world renowned **Isotta Fraschini;** also America's acknowledged best built car, **The Simplex.**

A number of Simplex cars have made a wonderful showing the past winter in Tonopah and vicinity.

All the above cars are now on exhibition in our salesrooms and we invite inspection by all discriminating autoists who appreciate "QUALITY"

E. E. CAISTER, Manager.

L. J. SACKETT, Gen'l Sales Manager,
Simplex Automobile Co., N. Y. City

Success Automobile Co.

Corner Pico and Hill Sts.

Both Phones

Home 2515

Main 1842

Under New Management!

In the Heart of the Town

Angelus Garage and Machine Co.

Late of National Garage.

Successors to

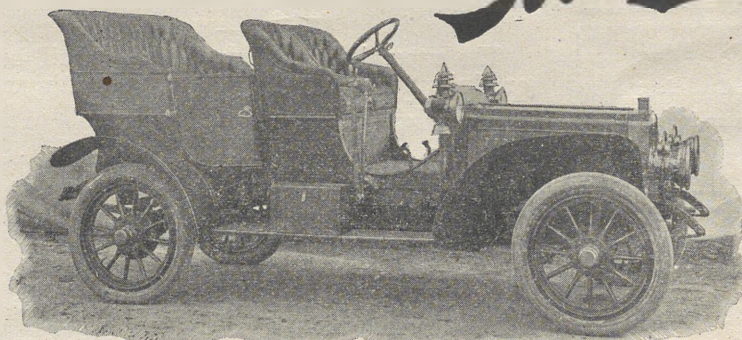
Angelus Motor Car Co.

110-12-14 East Third St.

Open all night

Storage. Repairing

35 H. P.—5 Passenger,
4 Cylinder Touring Car
\$ 2150



GREER-ROBBINS CO.

Phones Broadway 5410

1501-5 So. Main St.

Home B 5813

Mitchell

Cars

Cost less to keep up.

Read this:—

Los Angeles, Cal.

May 6, 1907.

Greer-Robbins Company,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Sirs:—

You will find enclosed check for \$7.00. I couldn't kick if your bill had been \$27.00, as I have driven the MITCHELL car purchased from you about seventeen months ago, steady, and this has been the first repair bill outside of a little care and adjusting of my own. I have never started away from home but what I got back on the same MITCHELL car and have had the glory of towing home two other cars at two different times and pulled one car out of the mud, and this is not so bad for the MITCHELL car.

Yours very truly,

J. J. Foster,
2946 Halldale Av

That Long-Delayed
Carload of

Haynes Touring Cars

Just Received

Immediate delivery of our

Model "S," 30-H.P., \$2750

Model "T," 50-H.P., \$3650

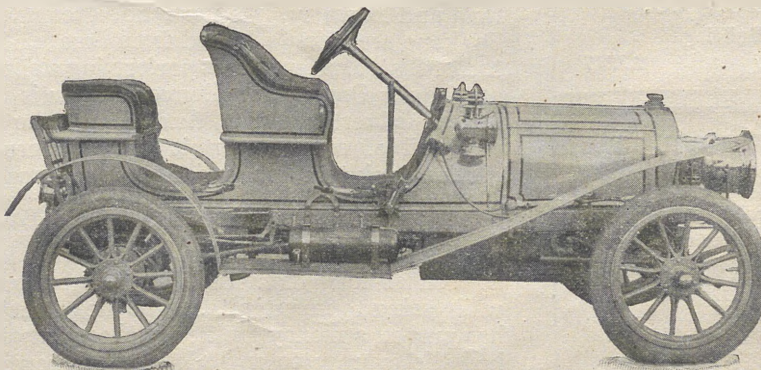
Haynes Roadster, 30-H. P., \$2750

The highest power shaft drive cars on the coast. Long wheel base. Selective gear. Foot accelerator.

Exclusive Haynes Roller Pinion Rear Axle Drive.

Crank Shaft and Gear Set on Roller Bearings.

All Haynes Touring Cars and Roadsters are equipped with both magneto and storage battery ignitions.



It takes \$1000 more money to buy any other car of approximate specifications.

SUPERIOR AUTO CO.

130 EAST NINTH STREET
F 7729, MAIN 8803

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

LARGEST IN
SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

RESOURCES
\$17,000,000.00

"Security for Savings" and a profit of
4 per cent Int.

SAFE DEPOSIT
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A YEAR



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High Grade Bonds
Municipal School and Corporation
Tax Exempt in California

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Every dollar of your idle money should be
earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it
or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent. interest
on your savings account. We also solicit
your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes
for Rent from \$2.00 up.

STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.

JOHN R. MATTHEWS
President

S. F. ZOMBRO
Cashier

Capital \$500,000

Deposits \$2,000,000

Financial

Months ago it was stated in the *Graphic* that less than a year would elapse before the Central Bank of Los Angeles became a national bank. Steps to that end are being taken.

Secretary R. M. Welch, of the California Bankers' Association, has informed the Pasadena bankers that the invitation to hold the next annual meeting of the organization in Pasadena, has been passed on to the executive committee and that that body would make a decision at its meeting next December. The Pasadena Board of Trade has joined in the invitation to the state bankers.

Newly elected officers of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, of Hemet are; President, T. S. Rickard; vice-president, Dr. J. E. Blackshaw; Cashier, S. W. Leffingwell; Assistant Cashier, H. R. Link.

The American Trust and Savings Bank has been organized at Douglas, Arizona. E. W. Sparrow, late of Oklahoma City, is president. The capital is \$50,000.

The newly organized Security Savings Bank, of Riverside, has secured quarters at Seventh and Main streets. The bank thus obtains one of the finest quarters in the city.

Bonds.

The Los Angeles Supervisors have sold the school bond issue of \$20,000 of the San Dimas district, to the Los Angeles Trust Company. The bonds brought \$1240 premium.

Pomona offers for sale \$40,000 in school bonds.

The supervisors of Orange County will sell on July 2 the \$35,000 issue of Huntington Beach high school bonds.

Bonds of the Lowell joint school district, of Los Angeles and Orange counties to the amount of \$3,700 will be sold by the Los Angeles supervisors on June 24.

Financing Telephone Companies.

I wonder how many persons in Los Angeles realize what a remarkable center for the financing of independent telephone lines this city has become. It may not be believed, but it is a fact nevertheless, that at this time, more than \$20,000,000 is being expended for this purpose, with Los Angeles as headquarters. Not only did local capital finance the Home Telephone Company of San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley, but Portland, Tacoma and Spokane are being supplied from here, and on top of that, Los Angeles is performing a similar service for Omaha and Denver. How is that for an advertisement? And those who are responsible, seldom permit their names to get into print in connection with the matter of which I have written. When the network of new lines, as here published, is completed, the Bell opposition will have a system, local as well as long distance, that will be worth while going to investigate. The idea certainly has proved a money maker for those who first had the courage to embark in the enterprise, and since the success of the Los Angeles plant became a certainty, there has been no trouble to secure all the capital, in every every direction that has been necessary.

Leaves to Cut

Ernest Thompson Seton has started north-easterly from Edmonton for a 1,000 mile canoe trip in Canada, with the barren lands beyond Great Stone Lake as his destination. He has a companion and the trip will take six months.

"Paul Bourget, the French novelist," said a magazine editor, "thinks he understands American women. But he does understand American men pretty well. Once at a dinner that Richard Harding Davis gave in his honor Bourget said that we were too lax and boorish towards our wives. He said we often treated a pretty, yellow haired typewriter girl hired yesterday with more gentleness and courtesy than we gave to wives of twenty or thirty years' standing.

GERMAN AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

"I've Been Thinking,"

Said a young man the other day, "that the best thing that I could do would be to open a Savings Account in some strong, reliable bank."

It is the best thing that any young man can do. Savings Banks have helped more young men to financial independence than any other one factor.

We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest
Open a Savings Account Today
223 South Spring St.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at close of Business, March 22, 1907

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$10,653,048.54
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	2,697,448.59
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	6,300,810.95

Total\$19,651,308.08

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,471,791.22
Circulation	1,229,850.00
Bonds Borrowed.....	145,000.00
Deposits	15,554,666.86

Total\$19,651,308.08

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

Home A 1670
B'r'dy 1370

Members Goldfield Stock Exch.

Ernest Kennedy & Co.

Mines, Mining Stock &
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128 W. Sixth St. Grosse Bldg.

Branch Offices at Goldfield and Manhattan

E. S. TOMBLIN }
C. A. STILSON } Managers

He instanced the case of a man who sat reading the evening paper one night, a cigar in his mouth, and his feet on the sofa. 'Darling,' said his wife, "do you love me?" 'Yes,' he answered, without looking up. 'As much as ever?' 'Sure,' said the man, as he struck a match and relighted his cigar. 'Why?' the woman pursued, tenderly. 'Oh, I don't know,' said he. 'Habit, I suppose.'"

Maxim Gorky's latest work *Mother*, has been published by D. Appleton & Co. Of it the *Argonaut* says:

"In spite of its unquestionable power, this book will not be received with interest in America. It is a brutal picture of debased Russian life, and every literary artifice is used to display it in its most repulsive light. No one will question that it is a true picture of a bestiality that actually exists in the dark places of Russian life, but we are content to get our knowledge of these things in a more general way, and so to be spared the detailed horror and the stench of it all. Gorky is, of course, a special pleader, and characters and incidents are adroitly selected to serve a revolutionary aim. *Mother* was written by the revolutionist and not by the literary artist. It deals with one section of life only in a vast empire, and we know that there are other and greater sections of that empire where weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth are not always the order of the day."

In the New York State Library's Tentative Selection of Best Books of 1906, are included eight books out of twelve published by Duffield and Company last fall. They are; *The Masters of Fate*, by Mrs. S. P. Shaler; *The Pilgrim's Staff*, Poems Divine and Moral, edited by Fitz Roy Carrington; Okakura-Kakuzo's *The Book of Tea*; Brandes's *Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth*; Geronimo's *Story of His Life*; Chatfield-Taylor's *Moliere, A Biography*; Frederic Remington's *The Way of An Indian*; and Pattison's *Painters Since Leonardo*.

The paucity of titles for novels is again illustrated. The English edition of *The Fore-runner*, by Neith Boyce, author of *The Eternal Spring*; is delayed by the discovery of another writer's earlier novel bearing identically the same name. A crusty reviewer has suggested that current novels be numbered, like pianos, motor-cars—or convicts.

Clarence S. Darrow, senior counsel for the defense in the Haywood murder trial in Idaho, has embodied his views of capital punishment in *An Eye for An Eye*; the story of a murder, published by Duffield & Company. Hutchins Hapgood, in *The Spirit of Labor* (Duffield & Company) says of this picturesque Chicago radical: "Darrow is wonderfully typical of one aspect of life in the Middle West—dreamer, practical man, lawyer, politician, friend of labor, friend of women, friend of literature and of experiment! Regarded as 'dangerous' by the ultra-conservative, as 'crooked' by the pure idealists, and as 'immoral' by inexperienced ladies, he occupies, nevertheless, a position of sufficient respectability to enable him to work and live to the best advantage."

Dr. Emil Reich, whose latest book *Success in Life*, has been issued by Duffield and Company, has recently been giving lectures on Plato that have been all the rage in London. The story is told that the Duchess of Portland, unable on one occasion to find a seat, sat down on the floor and so listened to the entire dis-

course. Dr. Reich has been advertising an "Intellectual Reform" in the columns of *The Tattler* in which he describes the Ideal Salon:

"A salon, like all other things human, wants two elements—the female and the male. By giving those lectures in the afternoon, as most of them are given, the reformers excluded the male element and thus cripple the nascent salon. By making it a rule not to sit long at the dinner table and by inviting professional entertainers to joke, sing, dance, etc., climb, or glide right after dinner, the salon becomes impossible. In the famous salons of the times of the encyclopaedists the bulk of the conversation was done at the modest but long-lasting dinner. Of professional entertainers there was not a trace. Nobody was asked to sing a little unless he was an artist, and men listened to women with attention and respect. As things are, one may state it as a bare fact that in London drawing-rooms every possible contrivance has been introduced to prevent the beginning of a true conversation. Why not sit a dinner for two hours without going into the drawing-room? Why not three courses in dishes and forty courses in topics discussed?"

"Any lady who would boldly touch upon these obsolete and absurd "survivals" of a former age might indeed do much towards a reform of the intellect of society. Mere lectures given by amateurs to amateurs will never have such an effect. *N'est pas conferencier qui veut*. To reform society intellectually, inasmuch as society needs reform, is a noble task, but can only be done by converting the drawing-room into a salon proper."

Volumes on the Press.

Among important books soon to appear are:

Fiction.

- The Traitor* Thomas Dixon. (Doubleday.)
Alice-for-Short William De Morgan. (Holt.)
Beatrice of Clare John Reed Scott. (Lippincott.)
Love of Life Jack London. (Macmillan.)
The Welding Lafayette MacLaws. (Little-Brown.)
Prima Donna F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)
The Gulf John Luther Long. (Macmillan.)
The Book of Juliana Katherine Holland Brown (Doubleday.)
By Right Divine William Sage. (Little-Brown.)
The Highest Price Leroy Scott. (Doubleday.)
Running Horse Inn Alfred T. Sheppard. (Lippincott.)
The Castle of Doubt John H. Whitson. (Little-Brown.)
The Gates of Kamt Baroness Orczy. (Dodd.)
A Woman's War Warwick Deeping. (Harper.)
The Leopard and the Lily Marjorie Bowen. (McClure)
Ghetto Comedies Israel Zangwill. (Macmillan.)
Poppea of the Postoffice Mabel Osgood Wright. (Macmillan.)
The Old Home House Joseph C. Lincoln. (Barnes.)

Miscellaneous.

- Haunters of the Silences* C. G. D. Roberts. (Page.)
The Romance of Steel Herbert N. Casson. (Barnes.)
The True Patrick Henry George Morgan. (Lippincott.)
Life and Times of Stephen Higginson T. W. Higginson. (Houghton.)
Life of Jay Cooke Ellis P. Oberholtzer. (Jacobs.)
Four Seasons in the Garden Eben R. Rexford. (Lippincott.)
Measure of the Hours Maurice Maeterlinck. (Dodd.)
The War of Evolution Ernst Haeckel. (Harper.)

"Toodles," a little Washington boy is four years old, and his mama and papa think he is about the best boy that ever lived; but the other day he got a bit cross about something or other and an "Oh, the devil!" slipped out before he knew it. Of course, his mother was grieved and hurt, and she told Toodles so. She explained that he mustn't be naughty, and that above all things he must not swear. "But mama," said Toodles, "it ain't swearing to say that, 'cause there is a devil." "But my dear," said Toodles's mama, "you must not make light of sacred things."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Burglar (to the elderly maiden)—"I do not want your life lady, only your money."
Maiden—"Get out, you are just like the rest of them."
—Fliegende Blaetter.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

April 11th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, I, Walter E. McAllister, of Ocean Park, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. 10921, for the purchase of the S.E. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4, E. 1/2 of S.W. 1/4 of Section No. 6, in Township No. 1 S., Range No. 16 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Tuesday, the 25th day of June, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Claude M. Allen of Santa Monica; Hannah Carney of Ocean Park; John L. Woods of Santa Monica; Nellie McAllister of Ocean Park.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of June, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Apl.20-9t-date of first publication Apl.20-07.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 14th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, John Alfred Wilmot of Santa Monica, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of S.W. 1/4 of section No. 15, in township No. 1 South, Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes; and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Tuesday, the 6th day of August, 1907.

He names as witnesses: John N. Henry, Chauncey E. Hubbell, Arthur X. Wilmot, Frank Machado, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of August, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT,

Register.

June 1-9t-date of first publication June 1, 1907.

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